

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Creation & Destruction"

Yeah

Haha

[Spanish:] Se ha cabado la mierda [English: "The Bullshit has finished."]

Bout to drop a def' cut

Yo, yo, yo, huh

Immortal Technique, disintegrates mic's when I spit  
I cause more casualties than sunken slave ships  
Full to capacity, I bring tragedy to rap without my man Kadafi  
The government took Nazi scientists from Germany  
To design nuclear rockets and ways of observin' me  
'Cause their pathetic attempts, didn't work to murder me  
When this country was conceived, these bastards never heard of me  
But now I hold the souls of slave masters eternally  
Bleeding internally, burnin' D, durin' surgery, verbally  
'Cause I'm a spiritual witch  
Devils are incompatible  
I've been around since the planet was inhabitable  
I spit in the ocean and created microscopic animals  
Which involved into two species, the righteous and the cannibals  
But until then, I had alien women suck me off  
When God said "Let there be light", I turned it the fuck off  
And that's the reason that the earth is only 5 billion years old  
I made the sun shine, and permitted time to unfold  
The surface was lava, but when I stepped down, it became cold  
Fuck what you've been told  
My spiritual form became a swarm of molecule sickness  
Manifested liquid trapped inside a mountainous region  
Until the skies starting raining, continuous seasons  
Immortal Technique, at long last, reincarnated  
Undebatable reinstated to leave you decapitated  
Je suis fous, but my crazy words make sense [*"Je suis fous" means "I am mad" in French*]  
I'll split every pound of your body into six pence  
I'm sick of simple similes about The Sixth Sense  
I'll leave your body drenched in the blood of all your ancestors  
You'll never be at peace, like the souls of child molestors  
I'll cut you and bless your festering wounds with alcohol  
Drown you in a clogged toilet, in a public bathroom stall  
I'll rip you down, take a chunk of you home like the Berlin Wall  
This is the final call, for all the rappers that wanna brawl  
Immortal Technique, the wrong motherfucker to diss  
'Cause I allow God to let you motherfuckers exist

Hahahahaha yeah, real oh

We about to crash somethin' now, yo

Yo, yo, yo

I'm the stronghold on your neck that doesn't let you breathe

Stronger than the fake image of God in which you believe  
More dangerous than your ignorant ass could ever perceive  
A European virus, mutated in Africa, overseas  
Transported by mosquitoes and fleas to where you live  
So lock yourself in your house with your wife and your kids  
You're such a bitch, somebody probably made you out of a rib  
My arrest record just scratches the surface of what I did  
My bid locked me up and brought my life to an end  
I was forgotten, abandoned by my bitches and friends  
You don't want beef with people like me so don't pretend  
I'll resurrect your aborted baby and kill it again  
You get no props in hip-hop like feminine men  
I'm iller than any plague God gave Moses to send  
You wanna make amends, 'cause I'm the reason that the earth shakes  
Burying your fam like Central American earthquakes

Immortal Technique

Harlem to Canada

Lyrical damage ya

*[Spanish:] Te dije que se ha cabado la mierda [English: "I told you the bullshit would end."]*

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Dominant Species"

### *[Intro]*

Yo, in a hundred years from now  
Everyone who's living on this planet will be dead  
So it's inconsequential really  
All the shit that you talk  
All the bullshit that you stand for  
It's more important what, what you're ready to build  
What you're ready to pass down to your children  
What you're ready to create  
You better fucking remember that  
When you challenge a mother fucker like me  
Remember, I'm the dominant species

### *[Verse 1]*

I'm stuck inside the future and life is chaotic  
The government is psychotically racist and robotic  
The matrix of entrapment is socio-economic  
Erotic conspiracy theory becomes reality  
Life is war, and every day's a battle to me  
I'm on the brink of insanity, between extreme intelligence and split personalities  
But I elevate to the point of reversing gravity  
Revolutionary conceptuality spitting out of me  
Even the dead people in my family tell me they proud of me  
Stupidity's not allowed by me  
Cause I don't got time to play  
I'm the black whole lyricist that'll take your shine away  
Darkness at any time of day  
I'm the Technique and your nobody so what you trying to say  
Stellar density becomes your physical alignment  
1.8 billion tons per square inch confinement

### *[Chorus]*

Yo, yo, yo, I drop knowledge so heavy it leaves the world unbalanced  
Exterminate the spiritual force of all that challenge  
I'm the lyrical apocalypse that crumbles the granite  
Replacing you as the dominant species on the planet

### *[Verse 2]*

Yo, yo, lyrically I'm infinite like possibilities  
But you don't have the capability like infertility  
Cause opening your mouth to question my validity  
Is like trying to contradict the theory of relativity  
When I spit is the epitome of heavy artillery  
My enemies are obsessed with me like the bitch in Misery  
But break out like father running from responsibility  
Every time I step and abuse the mic with versatility  
I balance humility, with brutal instinct

I'll make your whole cypher look like those crackers from N'Sync  
And I don't care about your link, or your luxury car  
I shed light with more magnitude than all of the stars  
La Brea tar pit thick  
So don't ever talk shit  
And remember something nigga, while you rave and rant  
A roach can live for nine days without its head but you can't

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3]*

I'm explicit like video tapes of conjugal visits  
Some niggas are too stupid to understand it like astrophysics  
Technique is exquisite  
I'll make your thoughts a victory  
Get pessimistic with the quickness  
If you think that I will just become another statistic with anything but success  
When I bless the mic as I spit this  
Specifically prolific with Kaposi's Sarcoma-type! sickness  
My style is like a ten year old child with a slit wrist, too much reality  
For the fucking hit list  
I got a Black Panther mentality with a spick fist  
So you can get dissed  
Even if you're locally gold, vocally bold, or globally  
Multi-platinum sold  
I'm emotionally cold, disciplined, and ready to kill  
Like spirits in the same room with you, I'm giving you chills  
I drop knowledge while these mother fuckers clumsily spill  
And I drop it so heavy, it leaves the world unbalanced  
Exterminate the spiritual force of all that challenge  
I'm the lyrically apocalypse that crumbles the granite  
Replacing you as the dominant species on the planet

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Positive Balance"

(feat. Big Zoo)

### *[Intro]*

Big Zoo, uh  
Technique, uh  
Positive balances, uh, uh

### *[Verse 1 - Big Zoo]*

Pound for pound  
I'm the most positive when I bust mine  
The Zoo adds on like a plus sign  
Addition, that's the key in the ignition  
With no pause, I propel to pole position (Vroom!)  
Ahead of the pack, light years ahead of the wack  
I give a fiend a Good Book, instead of the crack  
That's the gold mine, negativity can't hold mine  
The black bear's headed for the gold mine (look out, look out)  
And then I'm positive as Showtime  
I make negative MC's switch styles in no time  
They change teams, rhyme about kings and queens  
Instead of how they sellin' work to fiends  
Then I, switch thugs into soldiers  
Those that have given up on God to praise J Hova (Damn!)  
The rap Ice Age is over  
And positivity protects the Z boulder boulder

### *[Chorus - Immortal Technique w/ Big Zoo ad-libs]*

Yeah, you know how it goes, positivity, yeah  
My opinion is solid ground but your a common hater  
Splitting and dividing on numbers like a denominator  
Third-eye navigator movements are necessary  
Everything you see in videos is secondary  
You need positivity like you need respect in jail  
Because without balance you'll be making negative record sales  
Neg-neg-negative record sales, ziga-zam, Technique, like this

### *[Verse 2 - Immortal Technique]*

I jerk off inside books and give life to words  
Leaving concepts stuck together you probably never heard (what?)  
I love when people think I'm psychologically disturbed  
Cause it means I overloaded their neurological nerves  
Rappers try to serve me with disgusting incompetence  
But I keep it positive with ultimate dominance  
Meditating with Native Americans close to Providence  
I speak to the spirits of ancestors at pow-wows  
But rumor has it that you getting raped like Lil' Bow Wow  
Now listen industry motherfuckers, don't get offended  
Remember, that I'll bring an end to your pretender agenda

And render contenders dismembered, bend the fabric of time (what? what?)

And put your soul in a blender

You living a lie like thinking Jesus was born in December

Instead of catering to labels, something gotta give

I'll rip the electrons out your body and make you positive

I seen a lot of kids come and go with marketing gimmicks

Because without balance, you don't last more than a minute

This ain't a game, I'll beat the shit out you at the line of scrimmage

I rock shows in the ghetto, nigga you stuck in the village

I wanted to spit on the radio since I was eleven

But I can't afford the pay-ola for Hot 97's

So I make paper underground, and I'm soon to blow

Moving tapes like Biggie's ghost at Bad Boy studios

*[Biggie - Hypnotize sample]*

*[Chorus]*

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The Getaway"

*[Immortal Technique]*

Yo yo, son give me that newspaper

*[Friend]*

Yeah aight, here you go

*[Immortal Technique]*

Man, I hate this one yo. You know the Post is always on some bias racist  
bullshit, man. Word I mean on the daily news

*[Friend]*

*[Laughs]* word, I feel you

*[Immortal Technique]*

They ridiculous man, times are better but they still on some bullshit

*[Friend]*

*[Laughs]* I know that man. (Hiss)

*[Immortal Technique]*

Another nigga killed by these fucking cops, yo!

*[Friend]*

What? Word? Psh

*[Immortal Technique]*

See that's why I gotta get the fuck outta here man, I need some peace I need  
something like that or I'ma just start blasting! These fucking pigs man

*[Friend]*

I feel you, son *[laughs]*

*[Immortal Technique]*

For real, yo

*[Friend]*

Yo son, fuck it then. Let's do something man, let's see some mamis out there

*[Immortal Technique]*

You know what? Matter fact pack the bags

*[Friend]*

Aight then

*[Immortal Technique]*

Start the fucking whip up, I'm outta here yo for real  
Yo, I hate my job so I always look to a better day

Far from New York City on a tropical getaway  
But not in Miami cause these white Cuban Anti-Castros can't stand me  
And that's the reason I'll never win a fixed up Latin Grammy  
After this racist Latinos'll goddamn me  
But my Black people love me  
And when I go to South America people'll be tryna hug me  
Cause I talk about reality that effects them  
And even though I blew up I could never neglect them  
What kind of a revolutionary action would that be  
I be categorizing practically every other MC  
But never that cause I'm clever with facts  
Sever your raps  
Fake players and thugs  
Will forever be whack  
I'm still rolling with my squadron  
Heavily strapped  
And even if I get killed I'll enviably be back  
Encyclopedia Hispanic are over digital dat  
Don't ever compare me with small minded criminal cats  
I kill kids on tracks like Dale Onhart  
Spit in your face and leave your cheekbone with a burn mark  
I was born a genius but I learned to be street smart  
My vacation just started  
I'm out to the Caribbean swimming in Dominican women the color of cinnamon

You motherfuckers wish you had the lifestyle I'm living in  
*[Laughs]* Yo, yo

*[Repeat 2x]*

East coast to West coast and everything in between  
This is dedicated to everybody chasing they dreams  
This ghetto fabulous life really ain't what it seems  
But I'ma make it cause I got survival stuck in my genes

*[Immortal Technique talking]*

Word up (word), Immoral Technique representing Harlem all the way to my fam  
in Englewood. I'm out motherfucker *[Laughs]* The ghetto way nigga



# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Top Of The Food Chain (Remix)"

(feat. Poison Pen)

*[Intro: Immortal Technique + (Poison Pen)]*

(Uptown, haha) Immortal Technique, Poison Pen  
We the top of the food chain motherfucker  
Stronghold in it, yo  
MC's are just figments of my imagination (tell 'em)  
They don't have to be dissed (tell 'em)  
I just stop thinkin about them (tell 'em!)  
And they cease to exist (tell 'em!)  
Don't get me pissed pussies

*[Hook: Poison Pen]*

Desolate easy Jesus{?}, while they squeezin heaters  
You better? Then please defeat us  
Ladies is teacher squeezers, they pleased to meet us  
Top of the food chain, still roll with bottom feeders  
My tongue new in late modern English, I'm from the side with heaters  
Always comment on your side as beepers  
It ain't no joke, baby the bell is broke  
Just holla out the window if you tryin to reach us

*[Poison Pen]*

Poison Pen for you ballers and bammers  
Walk up in the spot, metal detectors went bananas  
Stronghold! It's Bronx swingin, give me dap 'til my palm's stingin  
Grab your bitch - and make a porn feature  
Come out your mouth, that's a nice shirt to bleed on  
They only use yo' ass to fuck and roll trees on (BUCK, BUCK, BUCK!)  
It's on, your block, your street  
Niggaz so puss and they don't speak, they queaf  
When you run shit, Stronghold shit  
I need a chain I can jump rope with  
And Bed-Stuy got 'em, word I'm like Zeus without the eye problem  
Some neck without the pearl spot, or it ain't rockin the most  
Chicken spots, even if tots got they eyes on your necklace  
My life is this flick, and y'all are extras  
I double more blocks than Tetris, we perfectionists  
And wouldn't have it, any other way, yeah

*[Hook]*

*[Poison Pen]*

Pen Pen nigga look good  
My flow's a couple of retarded niggaz too dumb  
With an impact on hip-hop  
Like LL walkin into Def Jam screaming out BOX!

*[Immortal Technique]*

Immortal Technique, top of the food chain  
I'll split your wifey's head open, just to get me some brain  
I spit venomous thing with Poison Pen  
Destroy the sun and in eight minutes you'll never see day again  
Pray for your friends but me and God'll just laugh at you  
Tell you to shut the fuck up, and rain acid on you  
Break down your molecules and spiritually damage you  
Haven't you got the picture yet?  
Motherfuckers like you are easy to disrespect, cause you're only a thug  
When you on the internet you can't compare your dialect to Tech'  
Because you lack the chromos'  
I'm a Neo-Sapien, but y'all are still actin like homos

*[Hook (replace "heaters" with "Ninas" in first line)]*

*[Poison Pen]*

If you talk {?} high, you get your mouth punched in  
Stronghold is my house nigga, greasy apartment  
My legions are foul, you eat he crapped out  
Ain't never seen no trees in my mouth  
Poison Pen magnitude eight-point-three  
The hottest shit this side of the Gaza Strip  
Alongside many gangs in rap arouses  
That point and click without red browsers  
Look out it's the 80's all over again it seems  
Long hair, denim suits and big tanks, and glitz  
We don't look for hoes so they scoop us  
Tell your bitch to bring nothin to my crib but, pussy and a toothbrush  
And a camcorder, y'all could all relate  
They treat my nuts like imported grapes  
That's how it is at the, top of the food chain  
Poison Pen, Technique and - all y'all better take turns sleepin

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Beef And Broccoli"

Look, let me make something abundantly clear for people  
that are so bereft of activities  
they feel like they gotta comment on every one of mine  
First of all, being a vegetarian should never be associated  
with being a revolutionary or being open minded, that's a dietary choice  
If someone wants to proliferate the type of ignorance  
we're supposed to be fighting by thinking that, you're just fucking yourself  
I don't go around promoting beef and poultry shoving it in peoples faces  
I don't castigate people for not eating steak sandwiches  
And I would never diss someone for being a fucking broccoli head  
or living off radishes or eating grass with tofu  
I like a lot of vegan cuisine but the illogicality  
of expecting everyone to adopt your particular idea  
of what being healthy is, is just preposterous  
I've seen some of you herbivores, and if you wanna argue health  
y'all need to eat some kind of supplement  
because some of y'all are so skinny that it's disgusting  
Lookin like the only hip hop motherfuckas on Schindler's list  
Being a malnutrition ass got nothing to do  
with being revolutionary or being on point  
I'll be damned if I let somebody else push their agenda on me  
You know, I don't eat pork, not cause I'm a Muslim  
I just don't really like it, but I really will fuck a bird up  
And fish is good when that shit is fresh  
It's like my nigga Vast Aire from Can' Ox said  
If you don't like the smell of burning meat, then get the fuck off the planet  
You know, I don't criticize people for eating moss  
And don't open your fuckin mouth about my food man  
I like beef and broccoli motherfucka, mind your God damn business  
Matter of fact, you know what? I'm out  
I feel like a some aronco pollo, a banana daiquiri  
and a motherfuckin bistelpanado

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "No Me Importa"

Look I ain't never been afraid to tell how I really feel  
Nunca, I think everybody should know that  
Yo creo que todos debemos de saber eso  
Fuckin' ought to know, yo  
I gotta tell these chicks a lot of times, mira  
Tu estas actuando en una manera muy mala  
Bien mala y no me importa ya, I gotta let ya know  
Let 'em know. Here we go, digale a la gente, primo  
Gotta let you know for real. Son drop that

### *[Verse 1]*

Siempre me encuentro con la mujer equivocada  
A superficial mami con la alma comprada  
Yo I'm sick of stupid chicks que hablan de nada  
Let's got to my house conversacion acabada  
Yeah we can fuck but you gotta go after manana  
You walking bowlegged porque te deje clavada  
Don't ever talk shit about niggaz and get enojada  
There's a reason that you never been properly amada  
Cause you fuck niggaz and suck dick como si nada  
Para la porqueria and save the drama  
Don't come to the fucking club con una actitud mala  
You've been drinking too much Bacardi and smoking lala  
Escuchame senorita, if you don't respect yourself  
Don't expect respect from anyone else  
Don't expect un hombre to support you with wealth  
Go to college and be successful, do it for delft  
Nunca vas a ser shit without knowledge your self  
Mamis with cultural ineptitude are bad for your health  
That's the type of mujer that I put back on the shelf  
And go back to the pack crowd to look for somebody else

Adios, check it

### *[Hook]*

We keep it moving properly  
No me importa lo que haces, ain't no way of stopping me  
Moving through property, like I own every monopoly  
Smoking broccoli, compartiendo ideologies  
Pero solamente pasa on special occasions  
When beautiful intelligent mamis stay blazing  
(Stay blazing!)

Y ahora for you motherfucking niggaz  
Yo... si

### *[Verse 2]*

Immortal Technique the resurrected Che Guevara  
But y'all cats are just a bunch of fake Tony Montana  
I bring drama like revolucion Cubana  
And block stages like my last name was Santana  
Como puedes comparar your anteroch to my squad  
You motherfucker is faker than resurrection full of bud  
Don't try to be hard cuz I don't stress faked fellas  
I'll burn your house down and empty the clip of tu abuela  
Mucha gente try to convince everyone that they trife  
Hablando mierda but you never shot a gun in your life  
Siempre gritando how you keep it real in the cife  
But most of your rappers can't even keep it real with your wife  
I'll sacrifice you puto cabron for running his mouth  
Car-jack you and kidnap you in front of your house  
And while you tied up by that shotgun while I'm driving down south  
I'll push the pedal to setenta and kick you the fuck out  
Solamente to look back and have something to laugh about  
I doubt that you really want Technique as an enemigo  
Fuck with me I'll make your people turn up desaparecido  
My estilo es Chupa Camaro Y Zapatista  
I'm a revel soldier murdering rap artistas  
Colombian neck-tile MC hasta la vista  
Taking over the fucking country like socialita

Cobardes, yo

*[Hook]*

We keep it moving properly  
No me importa lo que haces, ain't no way of stopping me  
Moving through property, like I own every monopoly  
I'll broad your fucking brain out and spread your philosophy  
This is if te pones celoso motherfucker is watching me  
I don't make threats bitch lo que hablo es prophecy

De verdad, para que toda la gente sepa que no me importa  
Cuanta mierda ustedes hablan o cuanta mierda  
I still be on my job. Forever, I'll still be here  
I'll still be doing my thing. Para siempre. Cojudo  
Para siempre. I'll be in anybody's parade  
Immortal Technique, se ha acabado la mierda..

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Revolutionary"

*[Men talking]*

Yo load the fuck up (locked and loading)  
You too (locked and loading sir)  
Remember break that window when that cop comes in  
and blow that motherfuckers head off  
*[multiple gun shots]* (Got him)  
Yeah load it up again cause these motherfuckers  
are gonna come back for us. (Were ready)  
We gotta be prepared in this day and age, we gotta  
be prepared for whatever comes the fuck at us. (Word up)  
Cause we are living revolutionarily. (Definitely)  
You cannot second guess yourself in these days and times  
there gonna throw whatever they can at you and you gotta  
be prepared for it, you gotta be prepared for anything

*[Sample of Malcolm X]*

"If liberty or dead,  
there's freedom for everybody or freedom for nobody!" *[crowd cheers]*

*[Hook]*

No matter what the fuck life throws at me  
I continue to make it threw indefinitely  
Immortal technique defeats the odds repetitively  
Until there ain't shit ahead of me competitively  
Surviving the tough times is imperative to me  
Looking at the whole world revolutionarily

*[Sample of Malcolm X]*

"They don't want to hear you old uncle tom handkerchief  
hand talking about...uh thee *[inaudible]*, no."

Technique will force you into strategical retreat  
Because I dominate guerrilla warfare in the streets  
There ain't no way to picture me without a victory speech  
When I reach higher positions  
Without the recognition of pissed on competition  
Cause I conquered there ambitions  
In a systematic form like a religionist tradition  
My mission is to take you, lyrically break you  
Lyrically assassinate you  
Lyrically incinerate your body and recreate you  
To destroy the power that mentally incarcerates you  
Cause even though I rip it better I could not forsake you  
Your my people with the same oppressors so how could I hate you  
The revolution of the mind that bring lee generates you  
But when you come original people impersonate you, start to hate you

Cause the conflict is building within the ultimate sin  
Is to be ashamed of your skin  
My rhymes are like Jamaican over proof I make the room spin  
Intoxicated flow I bleed vodka and brandy  
Don't make me choke you down like Jon-Benet Ramsey  
Something demands of me to rip this fucking shit uncannily  
God commanded me to be a technological disease  
And psychologically do battle with the best emcee's  
\*Inaudible\* these in technique  
Cause I'm the capital of revolutionary nation that's infallible  
Aztec like the Hannibal  
Rip your heart out of your chest and feed it to the cannibal's  
Your just a fucking animal but I'm the Neo Sapien  
Cause my original civilization was based upon creation  
You know theirs no escaping even though your heart is racing  
I'll put your best disciple on academic probation  
Fuck the litigation, fuck the best rapper nominations  
And fuck the president I voted for assassinations  
I'm saying fuck the federal bullshit investigations  
Fuck the cover up of ghetto radiation extermination  
Using my people for experimentation  
And if doesn't play hip hop then fuck your radio station

*[Hook]*

*[Sample of Malcolm X]*

"Revolutions overturn systems, revolutions destroy systems!" *[crowd cheers]*

Yo what the fuck happen to reality spitting rhyme slayers  
These days everybody trying to be a thug or a player  
Where did all the real motherfuckers go in the game  
Bring back the break dancers and graffiti writers with fame  
I remember hip hop before the mic cunt clapping  
Cause I used to drink forties with more flavor then these rappers  
Lyrical ego trips doesn't make fortification  
Your not dope enough, spit self glorification  
So don't jerk me around cause my name ain't masturbation  
Life is hard it'll leave you scarred cause I been threw shit  
If you consider rap a job I suggest that you quit  
Don't you understand the audience will listen and dance  
In the club, crib or car or whatever they get the chance  
To be emancipated start debating justice in the cipher  
Why do you think project rooms look like the cells in Riker's  
I'm explaining the significance or the reason behind it  
There preparing your children for the prison environment  
When you don't amount to shit prison becomes retirement  
But I refuse to be took in to central booking in chains  
Cause sleeping on the floor in cages starts to fuck with your brain  
The system ain't reformatory, it's only purgatory  
Close to hell but I rebel as begin to sparkle out  
And tell my people how we fell into the trap that we live in  
Because they locked us up in ghetto's and began to rape my women  
So I leave the system Unforgiven like East Wood

Cause I was bless with lyrical strength to do whatever I could  
You should of seen it coming long ago when you were very young  
My word is through the father, holy spirit and his fucking son  
Cause when I grab the mic device in front of Christ and start to rip it  
I'll make Jesus turn around and say "yo pop this nigga flipped it"  
So talk about whatever and be what you wanna be  
But don't mistake the way I break the faith for simple blasphemy  
Cause through the highest frequencies in the NYC  
I'm crushing 97.1 percent of MC's

*[Hook]*



# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Dance With The Devil"

### *[Verse 1]*

I once knew a nigga whose real name was William  
His primary concern, was making a million  
Being the illest hustler, that the world ever seen  
He used to fuck movie stars and sniff coke in his dreams  
A corrupted young mind, at the age of thirteen  
Nigga never had a father and his mom was a fiend  
She put the pipe down, but for every year she was sober  
Her son's heart simultaneously grew colder  
He started hanging out, selling bags in the projects  
Checking the young chicks, looking for hit-and-run prospects  
He was fascinated by material objects  
But he understood money never bought respect  
He built a reputation 'cause he could hustle and steal  
But got locked once and didn't hesitate to squeal  
So criminals he chilled with didn't think he was real  
You see, me and niggas like this have never been equal  
I don't project my insecurities on other people  
He fiended for props like addicts with pipes and needles  
So he felt he had to prove to everyone he was evil  
A feeble-minded young man with infinite potential  
The product of a ghetto-bred capitalistic mental  
Coincidentally dropped out of school to sell weed  
Dancing with the devil, smoked until his eyes would bleed  
But he was sick of selling trees and gave in to his greed

### *[Hook]*

Everyone trying to be trife never face the consequences  
You probably only did a month for minor offences  
Ask a nigga doing life if he had another chance  
But then again there's always the wicked that knew in advance  
Dance forever with the devil on a cold cell block  
But that's what happens when you rape, murder and sell rock  
Devils used to be gods angels that fell from the top  
There's no diversity because we're burning in the melting pot

### *[Verse 2]*

So Billy started robbing niggas, anything he could do  
To get his respect back, in the eyes of his crew  
Starting fights over little shit, up on the block  
Stepped up to selling mothers and brothers the crack rock  
Working overtime for making money for the crack spot  
Hit the jackpot and wanted to move up to cocaine  
fulfilling the Scarface fantasy stuck in his brain  
Tired of the block niggas treating him the same  
He wanted to be major like the cut-throats and the thugs  
But when he tried to step to 'em, niggas showed him no love

They told him any motherfucking coward can sell drugs  
Any bitch nigga with a gun can bust slugs  
Any nigga with a red shirt can front like a blood  
Even Puffy smoked a motherfucker up in a club  
But only a real thug can stab someone till they die  
Standing in front of them, staring straight into their eyes  
Billy realized that these men were well-guarded  
And they wanted to test him before business started  
Suggested raping a bitch to prove he was cold-hearted  
So now he had a choice between going back to his life  
Or making money with made men, up in the cife  
His dreams about cars and ice made him agree  
A hardcore nigga is all he ever wanted to be  
And so he met them Friday night at a quarter to three

*[Hook]*

*[Verse 3]*

They drove around the projects slow while it was raining  
Smoking blunts, drinking and joking for entertainment  
Until they saw a woman on the street walking alone  
Three in the morning, coming back from work, on her way home  
And so they quietly got out the car and followed her  
Walking through the projects, the darkness swallowed her  
They wrapped her shirt around her head and knocked her onto the floor  
"This is it kid, now you got your chance to be raw."  
So Billy yoked her up and grabbed the chick by the hair  
And dragged her into a lobby that had nobody there  
She struggled hard but they forced her to go up the stairs  
They got to the roof and then held her down on the ground  
Screaming, "Shut the fuck up and stop moving around!"  
The shirt covered her face, but she screamed and clawed  
So Billy stomped on the bitch, 'til he broken her jaw  
Them dirty bastards knew exactly what they were doing  
They kicked her until they cracked her ribs and she stopped moving  
Blood leaking through the cloth, she cried silently  
And then they all proceeded to rape her violently  
Billy was made to go first, but each of them took a turn  
Ripping her up, and choking her until her throat burned  
Her broken jaw mumbled for God but they weren't concerned  
When they were done and she was lying bloody, broken and bruised  
One of them niggas pulled out a brand new twenty-two  
They told him that she was a witness for what she'd gone through  
And if he killed her he was guaranteed a spot in the crew  
He thought about it for a minute, she was practically dead  
And so he leaned over and put the gun right to her head

*[Sample from "Survival of the Fittest" by Mobb Deep]*

I'm falling and I can't turn back  
I'm falling and I can't turn back

*[Verse 4]*

Right before he pulled the trigger, and ended her life

He thought about the cocaine with the platinum and ice  
And he felt strong standing along with his new brothers  
Cocked the gat to her head, and pulled back the shirt cover  
But what he saw made him start to cringe and stutter  
'Cause he was staring into the eyes of his own mother  
She looked back at him and cried, 'cause he had forsaken her  
She cried more painfully, than when they were raping her  
His whole world stopped, he couldn't even contemplate  
His corruption had successfully changed his fate  
And he remembered how his mom used to come home late  
Working hard for nothing, 'cause now what was he worth  
He turned away from the woman that had once given him birth  
And crying out to the sky 'cause he was lonely and scared  
But only the devil responded, 'cause god wasn't there  
And right then he knew what it was to be empty and cold  
And so he jumped off the roof and died with no soul  
They say death takes you to a better place but I doubt it  
After that they killed his mother, and never spoke about it  
And listen 'cause the story that I'm telling is true  
'Cause I was there with Billy Jacobs and I raped his mom too  
And now the devil follows me everywhere that I go  
In fact, I'm sure he's standing among one of you at my shows  
And every street cypher listening to little thugs flow  
He could be standing right next to you, and you wouldn't know  
The devil grows inside the hearts of the selfish and wicked  
White, brown, yellow and black color is not restricted  
You have a self-destructive destiny when you're inflicted  
And you'll be one of god's children that fell from the top  
There's no diversity because we're burning in the melting pot  
So when the devil wants to dance with you, you better say never  
Because a dance with the devil might last you forever

*[Hidden end feat. Diabolic]*

*[Immortal Technique]*

Oh y'all motherfuckers thought it was over, huh? Well it's not.  
You didn't count on a fallen angel getting back into the grace of god and coming after you.  
Ya'll niggas ain't shit  
Your producers ain't shit. Your fuckin' A & R ain't shit.  
I'll fuckin' wipe my ass with your demo deal.  
Yo, Diabolic, take this motherfucker's head off!

*[Diabolic]*

Go 'head and grip Glocks  
I'll snap your trigger finger in six spots  
You'll have to lip lock with hypodermic needles to lick shots  
I'll watch you topple flat  
Put away your rings and holla back  
Can't freestyle, you're screwed off the top like bottle caps  
Beneath the surface  
I'm overheatin' your receiver circuits by unleashin' deeper verses than priests speak in churches  
What you preach is worthless  
Your worship defeat the purpose

Like President Bush takin' bullets for the secret service

Beyond what y'all fathom  
I shit on cats and jaw tap 'em  
Show no compassion like havin' a straight-faced orgasm  
Tour jack 'em  
Have his half-a-ten bitch suck my friend's dick  
In the mean time, you can french kiss this clenched fist  
Diabolic  
A one-man brigade spreading cancer plague  
Fist-fuckin' a pussy's face  
Holdin' a hand grenade  
So if I catch you bluffin'  
Faggot, you're less than nothin'  
I just had to get that stress off my chest like breast reduction

*[Immortal Technique]*

You motherfuckers are nothing, you cannot harm me  
I'll resurrect every aborted baby and start an army  
Storm the planet huntin' you down, 'cause I'm on a mission  
To split your body into a billion one-celled organisms  
Immortal Technique'll destroy your religion, you stupid bitch  
You're faker than blue-eyed crackers nailed to a crucifix  
I'm 'bout to blow up like NASA Challenger computer chips  
Arsenic language transmitted revolutionarily  
I'm like time itself, I'm gonna kill you inevitably  
Chemically bomb you, fuck usin' a chrome piece  
I'm illmatic, you won't make it home like Jerome's niece  
I'll sever your head diagonally for thinkin' of dissin' me  
And then use your dead body to write my name in calligraphy  
This puppet democracy brain-washed your psychology  
So you're nothing, like diversity without equality  
And your crew is full of more faggots than Greek mythology  
Usin' numerology to count the people I sent to Heaven  
Produces more digits than 22 divided by 7  
You're like Kevin Spacey, your style is usually suspect  
You never killed a cop, you not a motherfuckin' thug yet  
Your mind is empty and spacious  
Like the part of the brain that appreciates culture in a racist  
Face it, you're too basic  
You're never gonna make it  
Like children walking through Antarctica, butt naked

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The Prophecy"

So you're the motherfucker they call....Immortal Technique.  
What the fuck make you so special nigga?  
Huh... what the fuck do you do?

I calculate planet alignment like Mayan astronomy  
Discovering atrocities worst than Aristotle  
Subjecting children to sodomy  
Your theory of the galaxy is primitive like Ptolemy  
The truth about the universe stuck up like Aztec pottery  
Unpredictable results like experimental psychology  
I stomp the streets with emcee's beneath my feet in colonies  
But presentation and spirit revolve around autonomy  
Searching for monogamy  
And cutting fake bitches out of my mind like a lobotomy  
So obviously I'm not gonna be here to play games  
Walked the top of the world and leave the arctic circle in flames  
Battle the beast and false prophet predicted in the King James  
I give a fuck about your emcee name I don't admire you  
Only by dental records will you be identifiable  
Cause the future is not reliable  
Remember when rap was not economically viable  
Comparable to what motherfuckers think of me  
I might be nobody but wait till I'm together like a symphony  
Resounding sound that will continue infinitely  
Angel of death punishing all those who live in infamy  
And shine so far away from you  
You'll never get a glimpse of me  
Attempts to extinguish me don't even bother me none  
Like retarded kids throwing ice cubes at the sun  
A victory against Immortal Technique will never be done  
Just degrees of losing it every second your adding one  
Some niggas dream of pushing kilos but I drop tons  
With more facts and formulas and philosophical logic  
Than a basement full of scientists puffing on chronic  
Dipped in mycin potassium cyanide and liquid bubonic  
And use it as a sonic one to find the spawn of the demonic  
Screaming like onyx is of absolutely no consequence  
The poison is dense enough to clog up your arteries  
Mercy is not a part of me  
I cause you bodily injury permanently be simply verbally murdering me  
Is inconceivable cause of the unbelievable evil injected inside  
The blood stream of my people  
And redemption is not located under a church steeple  
The feeble and the meek in soul just like the technique  
Will inherit the earth, But the earth will be weak  
Mother earth in her decrepit terminal illness physique  
The year three thousand is bleak no happily ever after

Just death following the Fourth Reich disaster, a legacy of bastards  
With plastic explosives your futures been eroded  
Cause you forgot that when your free it's multiplied indefinitely  
By the struggle that be the struggle I see  
To socialistically united the third world countries  
Expose hypocrisy in Americas democracy  
Sloppily obsessed with stopping me cause I speak prophecy  
Trample and dismantle your capitalist philosophy  
The same way I stomp the conquering rap monopoly  
And I'm not a fucking prophet  
But that's the fucking prophecy

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "No Mercy"

*[Malcolm X in his famous speech "The Ballot or the Bullet":]*

"Brothers and sisters...friends....and I see some enemies.

*[Laughter and then applause]*

In fact I think we'd be fooling ourselves if we had a audience this large and didn't realize that there were some enemies present."

### *[Verse One]*

I'm a weapon that fires  
Lyrical projectiles with no mercy  
I'm cold blooded like reptiles  
Touch a pregnant bitch and make her give birth to a dead child  
Every time I flex styles  
Niggas vacate the premises and become exiles  
I manufacture rhymes like textiles of x-files  
And lighten juveniles  
Living life with no purpose  
Organize a army that will make the devil's nervous  
Competition is worthless  
Like the electoral vote  
If you provoke I'll break your motherfucking neck in a yoke  
Your better off throwing your shitty life away sniffing coke  
Technique will choke you into a spiritual state  
And it will take a lake of hydrochloric acid to soften this  
I'll fake your parents suicide and kill you in the orphanage  
But I inspire ideological metamorphosis  
Stop talking shit or I'll make your existence a memory  
So you can have me frozen cryogenically for centuries  
But I'll break the ice if anyone on the planet mentions me  
I'll burn a hypocritical flag intentionally  
Explosive revolutionary  
Chemistry's my destiny

### *[Chorus: 2x]*

No mercy is what I chemically bomb on enemies  
Your life's a fucking mistake, technique is the remedy  
Destroy you before you become what you intended to be  
And in the future you'll worship those that descended from me

### *[Verse Two]*

When I fight you I won't snipe you  
I'll use a HIV infected needle to strike you  
As well as anyone that vaguely resembles or looks like you  
And just to spite you I'll force your children  
At gun point to bite you  
And rip a piece off  
To start the beef off of the rest of your petty limited life  
I'm coming at you to catch ya by surprising the sight

Nobodies stupid enough to back ya when tactically attack ya  
Because my style is nasty like protruding bone fractures  
And your a played out dirty pussy devil  
Like Margaret Thatcher  
But technique never get captured inside the rapture  
Cause I mastered the art of causing natural disasters  
You should learn the difference  
In between the students and the master  
My stature is the dispatcher of damaging decibels  
And even though my starving people are considered expendable  
I consecutively escape the racist corporate tentacles  
I spit raw kinetic energy that's immeasurable  
Retaliation for perpetration is unendable  
Mercy is not extendible  
I'll break your fucking brain down into psychological chemicals

*[Chorus: 2x]*



# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The Illest"

(feat. Jean Grae, Pumpkinhead)

*[Jean Grae]*

Ayo, I burn my bridges with a blow torch  
a rebel born from verbal holocaust  
dirty and never try to cleanse to get the drama off  
the swiftest stealth assassin snipe you  
from balcony shots of terrorist position  
professional from the opera box  
rhyme documents infamous like the  
Bill of Right, illa tight, having niggaz  
open like the thrill of dykes Jean Grae  
ya koo's a mass murderer, friends who got  
the dirt on her, foes who never heard of her  
wild style, my mouth gone to train up, I spit  
Krolyon in five colours, when I speak I spray my  
name up, split your wig up like Denny and Bruce  
splash your remains and brains out on the street  
like Henny and juice, noose your neck and loosen  
your spine from back shift your spleen, rip till it's  
just obscene, from down town spilling it, New York  
illest who rip it ever, flow like a river fuck a girl  
like a nigga what?

*[scratches]*

*[Pumpkinhead]*

I've been through Hell and back, scars swell  
on my back, I spit bars, y'all spit repetitive  
raps, I'm a street dude, who decided to rhyme  
with lines that'll crack the disc between your mind  
and your spine, that's why, y'all wanna bite my design  
and that's why, usually I hold the mic like a nine  
pistol whip you on the side of your eye, watch it  
pop out, we knock out cats, with the floors when  
it rocks out, shocked out, like you driving in  
a lightning storm, with the top down, we got  
this locked down, like convicts on the run  
getting shot down, we four times  
gaining yards in the whole line, see me  
and Tech we steadily building, and we about  
to blow like the Oklahoma Federal Building  
and all them niggaz get mad when we step in  
the building, cause we make the crowd jump  
and hit they heads on the ceiling, what?

*[scratches]*

*[Immortal Technique]*

I spit heat like the deserts of Saudi Arabia  
bury competition like Mesopotamia, emanating  
radiation pissing liquid uranium, I bring the rock  
like European drunks in soccer stadiums, I'll  
split your cranium with perfect symmetry lyrically  
if your not the illest, then you don't deserve to  
spit with me, OBS obliverating bastards  
sacrilegiously, I sacrifice niggaz who  
talk shit ritualistically, meticulously making  
all my rivals suicidal like white suburban  
kids on acid reading the Satanic Bible  
my arrival is genocidal, like Christopher  
Columbus, exterminating racism of whack  
MC's that walk among us, I've just begun to bust  
I'll make this place, open gondola  
these racist cops wanna lock me longer then  
Nelson Mandela, pissed off, I'm making hella  
paper, East to West coast, and I treat the law in this  
country like a mother fucking joke, cause if I'm  
willing to smoke the president, while he's sniffing his  
Coke, you know it don't mean shit to me  
to cut a fucking cops throat

*[Immortal Technique talking]*

Yea, Jean Grae, Pumpkinhead, Immortal Technique  
DP-one, tell 'em what the fuck we about to do

*[scratches]*

sh..sh..sh..shit on the whole industry

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Speak Your Mind"

*[Intro]*

You have to speak the truth  
You have to speak your mind

*[Verse 1]*

Every time I speak my mind I'm lyrically critical  
The pinnacle of being revolutionarily pivotal  
Beyond anything ever studied that's metaphysical  
Man fuck a minority, I'm not politically minimal  
But obviously terminologies that are statistical  
Are manufactured to be unequivocally subliminal  
Transmitted by monopolized media visuals  
So I riddle hypocritically pitiful criminals  
Habitually utilizing typical rituals  
With false pretense in attempts to be spiritual  
TO individuals who believe in biblical miracles  
Instead of themselves, because they're not thinking original  
And the color of their skin makes them feel invisible  
Like microscopic miscarriages lynched with the umbilical  
Only a fuckin' imbecile would think their uncorrectable  
Cause you're susceptible to becoming more than a spectacle  
Remember that your flesh, your blood and your body are dissectable  
I'll beat you until your vegetable  
And wake up in a hospital covered in poisonous chemicals  
In a fetal position with your face sewn to your testicles  
Thinkin' that you were kidnapped by extraterrestrials  
You got heart? I'm the blood that pumps in your ventricles  
Technique, I'm like ya soul nigga.. indispensable  
With no respect for those that cower at the hour of revolution  
Cause the government owes my people restitution  
Instead of sedatives like cocaine and prostitution  
Conclusion is that you'll have to violently silence me  
Cause I raid the airwaves of cutthroat piracy  
In school my teachers blinded me  
But now I can see  
I'm mentally and revolutionarily free  
Broadening Horizons about what my people could be  
If we wasn't set up to get shot, locked or OD  
You see families bleed because of corporate greed  
And monopolizing weed is virtually impossible  
So it won't be legalized and that's another obstacle  
But I'm still rollin' up pocket fulls of tropical  
The governments involved directly so it's unstoppable  
Like a nuclear rocket full of biochemical toxins that invade the ecological  
Improbable that the average intellect could understand  
So I encrypted this into hip hop that's in high demand  
and spread it through the ghetto of every city like contraband

Stomp a man of any complexion with a devilish nature  
Cause I'm tryin to save the earth, but your just next in line to rape her

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The Point Of No Return"

*[Talking]*

Yeah... It's that real this time around  
Immortal Technique... Revolutionary Vol. 2  
It's on now motherfucker..  
Lock and load!

*[Verse 1]*

This is the point of no return I could never go back  
Life without parole, up state shackled and trapped  
Living in the hole, lookin' at the world through a crack  
But fuck that, I'd rather shoot it out and get clapped  
I've gone too far, there ain't no coming back for me  
Auschwitz gas chamber full of Zyklon-B  
Just like the Spanish exterminating Tainos  
Raping the black and Indian women, creating Latinos  
Motherfuckers made me out of self-righteous hatred  
And you got yourself a virus, stuck in the Matrix  
A suicide bomber strapped and ready to blow  
Lethal injection strapped down ready to go  
Don't you understand they'll never let me live out in peace  
Concrete jungle, guerrilla war out in the streets  
Nat Turner with the sickle pitch fork and machete  
The end of the world, motherfucker you not ready  
This is the point of no return and nobody can stop it  
Malcolm little when he knelt before Elijah Muhammad  
The comet that killed the dinosaurs, changing the earth  
They love to criticize they always say I change for the worse  
Like prescription pills when you miss-using them nigga  
The Templar Knights when they took Jerusalem nigga  
And figured out what was buried under Solomon's Temple  
Al Aksa the name is not coincidental  
I know too much, the government is trying to murder me  
No coming back like cutting your wrist open vertically  
How could a serpent be purposely put in charge of the country  
Genetic engineered sickness spread amongst me  
My people are so hungry that they attack without reason  
Like a fuckin' dog ripping off the hand that feeds him  
Immortal Technique is treason to the patriot act  
So come and get me motherfucker cause I'm not coming back

*[Hook]*

This is the point from which I could never return  
And if I back down now then forever I burn  
This is the point from which I could never retreat  
Cause If I turn back now there can never be peace  
This is the point from which I will die and succeed  
Living the struggle, I know I'm alive when I bleed

From now on it can never be the same as before  
Cause the place I'm from doesn't exist anymore

*[Verse 2]*

This is the point of no return nigga you better believe this  
Mary Magdalen giving birth to the children of Jesus  
The evolution of the world, bloody and dramatic  
Human beings killing monkeys to conquer the planet  
The kingdoms of Africa and Mesopotamia  
Machine gunnin' your body with depleted uranium  
This is the age of micro chips and titanium  
The dark side of the moon and contact with aliens  
I started out like Australians, criminal minded  
Broke into hell, tore it down, and built a city behind it  
SouthPaw, murderous, methodology nigga  
Remember that I'm just a man don't follow me nigga  
Cause once you past the point you can never go home  
You've got to face the possibility of dying alone  
So tell me motherfucker, how could you die for the throne?  
When you don't even got the fuckin' heart to die for your own  
It rains acid, one day the earth will cry from a stone  
And you'll be lookin' at the world livin' inside of a dome  
Computerized humanity living inside of a clone  
This is the place where the unknown is living and real  
Wormwood the planet X and the seventh seal  
Universal truth is not measure in mass appeal  
This is the last time that I kneel and pray to the sky  
Cause almost everything that I was always ever told was a lie

*[Hook]*

This is the point from which I could never return  
And if I back down now then forever I burn  
This is the point from which I could never retreat  
Cause If I turn back now there can never be peace  
This is the point from which I will die and succeed  
Living the struggle, I know I'm alive when I bleed  
From now on it can never be the same as before  
Cause the place I'm from doesn't exist anymore

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Peruvian Cocaine"

(feat. C-Rayz Walz & others)

*[Intro: from the film "Scarface"]*

*[Host:]* I've heard whispers about the financial support  
your government receives from the drug industry.

*[Guest:]* Well, the irony of this, of course, is that  
this money, which is in the billions, is coming from  
your country. You see, you are the major purchaser of  
our national product, which is of course cocaine.

*[Host:]* On one hand, you're saying the United States  
government is spending millions of dollars to  
eliminate the flow of drugs onto our streets. At the  
same time, we are doing business with the very same  
government that is flooding our streets with cocaine.

*[Guest:]* Mmm-hmm, si, si. Let me show you a few other  
characters that are involved in this tragic comedy.

*[Beat starts]*

*[Two Men Speak in Spanish]*

*[Immortal Technique - Worker]*

I'm on the border of Bolivia, working for pennies  
Treated like a slave, the coca fields have to be ready  
The spirit of my people is starving, broken and sweaty  
Dreaming about revolution (REVOLUTION!) looking at my machete  
But the workload is too heavy to rise up in arms  
And if I ran away, I know they'd probably murder my moms  
So I pray to "Jesus Cristo" when I go to the mission  
Process the cocaine, paste and play my position

*[Pumpkinhead - Cocaine Field Boss]*

OK, listen Juan Valdez, just give me my product  
Before we chop off ya hands for worker's misconduct  
I got the power to shoot a copper, and not get charged  
And it would be sad to see your family in front of a firing squad  
So to feed your kids, I need these bricks  
40 tons in total, let me test it, indeed I *[sniff]*  
Shit, this is good, pass me a tissue  
And don't worry about them, I paid off the officials

*[Diabolic - Peruvian Leader]*

Yo, it don't come as a challenge, I'm the son of some of the foulest  
Elected by my people...the only one on the ballot  
Born and bred to consult with feds, I laugh at fate

And assassinate my predecessor to have his place  
In a third-world fascist state, lock the nation  
With 90% of the wealth in 10% of the population  
The Central Intelligence Agency takes weight faithfully  
The finest type of China white and cocaine you'll see

*[Tonedeff - American Drug Distributor]*

Honey I'm home, nevermind why our bank account's suddenly grown  
It's funny, we're so out of this debt from this money we owe  
Would've ya...mind if I told you I had two governments overthrown  
To keep our son enrolled in a private school, and to keep ya tummy swollen  
C'mon, our fuckin' home was built on the foundation of bloody throats  
The hungry stolen of they souls, of course this country's runnin' coke  
I took a stunted oath to hush the one's who know  
But CIA conducts the flow of these young hustlers who lust for dough

*[Poison Pen - Drug Dealer]*

I don't work in the hood (Hit my connect)  
Plus what's really good, they supply for the hood  
These dudes fucking crack me up, scrutinize like we inferior  
Petrified when we meet in my area (calm down)  
My dude's'll shoot until I say so, got the loot?  
Give me the YAY YAY like Ice Cube, so don't play with my llello  
We won't stop for you bastards  
Must choose (?), chop it and bag it

*[Loucifer - Undercover Police Officer]*

Taking pictures and tapping phones  
Debating snitches and cracking codes  
Past a couple, blast the fo',  
Want any hustler stacking dough with probably crack the blow  
And my overtime is where your taxes go  
I gain your trust  
Get you to hand weight to us because we paid up front  
On the low with cameras taping ya  
Getting pop away? The prison sentence is going to  
Make the officer leave with two ki's out the evidence room

*[C-Rayz Walz - Prison Inmate]*

Out the evidence room *[Said with Loucifer]*  
Went my fame, truck, boat or plane, they watching you  
You think you got work? They copping too  
We control blocks, they lock countries  
Ya own companies, we had nice cars and sneaker money  
Now there's players out there, talking 'bout the holding  
With bugs in they house like they down South with windows open  
Your dough ain't long, you wrong, you take shorts and (?)  
Feds will be up in your mouth...like forks and spoons  
So enjoy the rush, live plush off Coke bread  
Soon you'll be in a cell with me, like Jenny Lopez  
In school, I was a bully, now life is fully a joke  
I keep a flow on a boat for Peruvian Coke  
Players do favors for governors and tax makers



Fat Quakers smoke crack and sex acts with bad mayors  
The walls got ears, you big mouths probably scared  
Not prepared to do years like Javier

*[Immortal Technique Speaking]*

The story just told is an example of the path that  
drugs take on their way to every neighborhood, in  
every state of this country. It's a lot deeper than  
the niggas on your block. So when they point the  
finger at you, brother men, this is what you've got to tell them:

*[Wesley Snipes - from "New Jack City"]*

I'm not guilty. YOU'RE the one that's guilty. The  
lawmakers, the politicians, the Colombian drug lords,  
all you who lobby against making drugs legal. Just  
like you did with alcohol during the prohibition.  
You're the one who's guilty. I mean, c'mon, let's kick  
the ballistics here: Ain't no Uzi's made in Harlem.  
Not one of us in here owns a poppy field. This thing  
is bigger than (Immortal Technique). This is big  
business. This is the American way.

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Harlem Streets"

### *[Verse 1]*

Yeah.... Harlem streets stay flooded in white powder  
Like those motherfuckers running away from the Twin Towers  
Gun shots rock the earth like a meteor shower  
Bowling For Columbine, fair, giving the media power  
Innocence devoured like a chicken spot snack box  
Government cocaine cooked into ghetto crack rock  
Corrupt cops false testimony at your arraignment  
Check to check, constant struggle to make the payments  
Working your whole life wondering where the day went  
The subway stays packed like a multi-cultural slave ship  
It's rush hour, 2:30 to 8, non stoppin'  
And people coming home after corporate share croppin  
And fuck flossin, mothers are trying to feed children  
But gentrification is kicking them out of their building  
A generation of babies born without health care  
Families homeless, thrown the fuck off of the welfare

### *[Hook]*

Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?

### *[Verse 2]*

It's like Cambodia the killing fields uptown  
We live in distress and hang the flag upside down  
The sound of conservative politicians on television  
People in the hood are blind so they tell us to listen  
They vote for us to go to war instantly  
But none of their kids serving the infantry  
The odds are stacked against us like a casino  
Think about it, most of the army is black and latino  
And if you can't acknowledge the reality of my words  
You just another stupid mother fucker out on the curb  
Trying to escape from the ghetto with your ignorant ways  
But you can't read history at an illiterate stage  
And you can't raise a family on minimum wage  
Why the fuck you think most of us are locked in a cage  
I give niggaz the truth, cause they pride is indigent  
You better off rich and guilty than poor and innocent  
But I'm sick of feeling impotent watching the world burn  
In the era of apocalypse waiting my turn  
I'm a Harlem nigga that's concerned with the future  
And if your in my way it'd be an honor to shoot ya  
Up root ya with the evil that grows in my people  
Making them deceitful, cannibalistic and lethal

But I see through the mentality implanted in us  
And I educate my fam about who we should trust

*[Hook]*

Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Obnoxious"

Asshole  
Don't know me

I'm obnoxious, motherfucker can't you tell  
Run through Little Havana yelling, '¡Viva Fidel'  
Jerking off with the sheets when I stay at hotels  
Drinking Bacardi at AA meetings, smoking a L

I'm broke as hell, my attitude is no good  
Like working for white people after watching Rosewood  
So I'm a mercenary, I don't care how I get richer  
Like American companies that did business with Hitler

Get the picture, nigga? I'm the best of both worlds  
Without the hidden camera and the 12-year old girl  
Let's face it, you're basic, you aren't half the man that I am  
I'll throw your gang sign up, and then I'll spit on my hand

Give me a hundred grand, give me your watch, give me your chain  
That's your girl? Bitch, get over here, give me some brain  
I'll bust off on her face, and right after the segment  
She'll probably rub it in her pussy, tryna get herself pregnant

I said it I meant it, that's the way I deal with enemies  
Like pro-lifers that support the death penalty  
And don't talk about war when niggas know that you're puss  
A fucking hypocrite draft-dodger like George Bush

Don't push me, nigga, 'cause I'm close to the edge  
And I'll jump off with a rope that's wrapped around your head  
Send a dead fetus to my ex on Valentine's Day  
The safety's off nigga, so get the fuck out my way

Obnoxious nigga, murderous lyrics  
I know that you hear it  
Now that I'm getting closer and closer I know that you feel it  
You're eating off rap, and I hope you choke on your gimmick  
Niggas said hip-hop was dead but I'm invoking the spirit  
We're taking it back in the day to the Golden Age  
When wack motherfuckers used to get thrown off stage  
Immortal Technique, I made this to bump in your ride  
Or burn it off the Internet, and bump it outside  
Nigga, we're keeping it live, we're keeping it live  
We're keeping it live, we're keeping it live  
Burn it off the fucking Internet, and bump it outside

Yeah, nigga

Look motherfucker, my words damage and slaughter  
A raging alcoholic like the president's daughters  
Disgusting flow like third-world-country tap water.  
But before I hit the border, someone give me a quarter

'Cause I'mma prank call, cop shot just for kicks  
Payback for every time that they called me a "spic"  
And Puerto-Rican chicks told me that I fuck like I'm loco  
And Dominican women call me the 'Rompe Toto'

They call me "ocioso", I'd rather get fired than quit  
I get unemployment, you work, and we making the same shit  
How dare you niggas criticize the way that I spit  
You coffee-shop revolutionary son of a bitch

But you know what the fuck I think is just pathetic and gay  
When niggas speculate what the fuck 'Pac would say  
You don't know shit about a dead man's perspective  
And talking shit'll get your neck bone disconnected

Disrespected niggas don't show no love  
Why you tryna be hardcore, you fucking homo-thug  
And don't be sensitive and angry at the shit that I wrote  
'Cause if you can take a fucking dick, you can take a joke

I'll choke your friends in front of you, to prove that you've fallen off  
And you won't do shit about it, like the Church during the Holocaust  
Kalashnikov machine gun flow that I fire  
Obnoxious until they shoot me on the day I retire

Obnoxious nigga, murderous lyrics  
I know that you hear it  
Now that I'm getting closer and closer I know that you feel it  
You're eating off rap, and I hope you choke on your gimmick  
Niggas said hip-hop was dead but I'm invoking the spirit  
We're taking it back in the day to the Golden Age  
When wack motherfuckers used to get thrown off stage  
Immortal Technique, I made this to bump in your ride  
Or burn it off the Internet, and bump it outside  
Nigga, we're keeping it live, we're keeping it live  
We're keeping it live, we're keeping it live  
Burn it off the fucking Internet, and bump it outside

Damn, homie, in high school I beat the shit out of you and your man, homie  
Your girl wanna blow me and don't even know me  
She lonely and she thinks you're a phony  
I'll take a piss on a development deal from Sony, or Def Jam  
'Cause you're like all of the rest man  
This ain't a verse, it's shit talk at the end of the song  
And you can suck a dick if you think I ended it wrong  
Fuck you and I'm gone

Peace to the Stronghold, EOW  
Word-A-Mouf, Forbidden Chapters  
IAK niggas, Wax Poe, killin' you slow  
The Plague, I'll murder a show  
You don't even know  
Yeah, foul play nigga  
Harlem!

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The Message & The Money"

*[Immortal Technique]*

Before we go any further..

I would like to send a message to all the underground mc's out there, working hard  
The time has come to realize you networked in a market  
and stop being a fucking commodity  
And if you didn't understand what I've just said then you already waiting to get fucked  
For example; a lot of these promoters are doing showcases  
throwing events, and not even paying the workhorses  
They trying get us to rock for the love of hiphop or rock for the exposure  
Now look man, I don't mind doing a guest spot for my peeps  
Or, or, or doing a benefit show, but don't lie to me pussy  
Coz I find out I'm paying your lightbill, I'm fucking you up nigga  
Besides, you ain't doing this for the love, you ain't doing it for the exposure  
you charging up to 10\$ at the door, and you ain't tryin to give me shit??  
So wait a minute... you want me to go shopping, cook the food, and put it in front of you  
but you won't let me sit down and eat with you? The fuck is that?  
Niggaz need to start playing their position, man. Just coz you throw a party  
a hosting event or an open mic or a showcase, or a battle  
that don't make you important at all  
Without me and everybody like me out there  
you ain't nutting but a good idea, motherfucker  
So stay in your place

And to all these bitchass saronayas who are too lazy to come up with a way to sell records..  
That they keep recycling marketing schemes and imagery  
C'mon..

There is a market for everything man  
There is a market for pet psychologists nigga. There is a market for twisted  
shitfetish video's. For nipplerings, for riverdancing, for chocolate cupboard roaches..  
But you can't find one for cultured hardcore reality and hiphop?  
People like you: the house nigga executives  
and them rich motherfuckers that own you; you the motherfucking machine man!  
You and all these niggaz talking about the same shit  
with the same flow over the same candy-ass beats  
But I refuse the feed the machine  
And Im not giving any magazine money  
So maybe my album won't get 5 mics, or double-x-l's, or 5 discs  
Whatever man, fuck it  
But then again; you don't own me, and none of you niggaz ever will  
If I'm feeling what you fight for I'm rolling with you to the end  
But if not, then FUCK YOU!  
And the more that mc's, producers, dj's  
and independent labels start to grasp the conceptuality  
of what their contribution to the business of hiphop is  
rather than just the music - the more the industry will be forced to change

Oh, heh, and one last thing;

You don't have to agree with everything I've said  
But don't ever be condescending to me  
Picking up your wack ass friends that rhyme and being like  
'Ow yeah, Immortal Technique - he's aaiight'  
No nigga..  
Your mom is pussy, that's aaiight, ok..  
Your peoples getting shot dead in the street, that's aaiight  
I'm the motherfucking Immortal Technique nigga! The message and the money!  
And you ain't got either!  
Remember that!  
Punk ass motherfucker..



# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Industrial Revolution"

### [Verse 1]

Yeah nigga, Immortal Technique, metaphysics

The bling-bling era was cute but it's about to be done  
I leave you full eclipse like the moon blocking the sun  
my metaphors are dirty like herpes but harder to catch  
like an escape tunnel in prison I started from scratch  
and now these parasites wanna percent of asscap  
trying to control perspective like an acid flashback  
but here's a quotable for every single record exec  
"get your fucking hands out my pocket nigga" like Malcolm X  
but this ain't a movie, I'm not a fan or a groupie  
and I'm not that type of cat, you can afford to miss if you shoot me  
curse to heavens and laugh when the sky electrocutes me  
Immortal Technique stuck in your thoughts darkening dreams  
no ones as good as good as me, they just got better marketing schemes  
I leave you to your own destruction like sparking a fiend  
'cause you got jealousy in you voice like star scream  
and that's the primary reason that I hate you faggots  
I've been nice since niggas got killed over 8-ball jackets  
and Reebok Pumps that didn't do shit for the sneaker  
I'm a heatseaker with features that'll reach through the speaker  
and murder counter revolutionaries personally  
break a thermometer and force feed his kids mercury  
ANR's tried jerking me thinking they call shots  
offered me a deal and a blanket full of small pox  
your all getting shot, you little fucking treacherous bitches

### [Hook]

This is the business, and you all ain't getting nothing for free  
and if you devils play broke, then I'm taking your company  
you can call it reparations or restitution  
lock and load nigga, industrial revolution

### [Verse 2]

I want fifty three million dollars for my collar stand  
like the Bush administration gave to the Taliban  
and fuck packing grams nigga, learn to speak and behave  
you wanna spend twenty years as a government slave  
two million people in prison keep the government paid  
stuck in a six by eight cell alive in the grave  
I was made by revolution to speak to the masses  
deep in the club toast the truth, reach for the glasses  
I burn an orphanage just to bring heat to you bastards  
innocent deep in a casket, Colombian fashion  
intoxicated off the flow like thugs passion  
you motherfuckers will never get me to stop blastin'

your better off asking Ariel Sharon for compassion  
your better off banging for twenty points for a label  
your better off battling cancer under telephone cabels  
Technique chemically unstable, set to explode  
foretold by the dead sea scrolls written in codes  
so if your message ain't shit, fuck the records you sold  
'cause if you go platinum, it's got nothing to do with luck  
it just means that a million people are stupid as fuck  
stuck in the underground in general and rose to the limit  
without distribution managers, a deal, or a gimmick  
Revolutionary Volume 2, murder the critics  
and leave your fucking body rotten for the roaches and crickets

*[Hook]*

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Crossing The Boundary"

Danger! Beat bandits, nigga!  
Yeah. Harlem to Chicago to L.A., to Toronto, Philly, motherfucking Rio De Janeiro, nigga  
Ha-ha. Cape Town, South Africa

I never make songs that disrespect women  
Or that judge people about the way that they're living  
But the way I am is based on the life I was given  
Like them white boys: 'Losing My Religion'

I used to be a Christian and a political pawn  
The Bible is right and all your native culture is wrong  
Next thing you know you telling me 'bout making a song  
Come in the studio, and tell me that I'm making it wrong

Pissed off 'cause reality is making us strong  
Like the ghost of Timothy McVeigh making a bomb  
'Ey yo Marvin Gaye, what the fuck is going on  
These rap niggas made propaganda out of your song

But it's the gong show, amateur night at the Apollo  
My dick is like my music, but harder to swallow  
So children follow me, like the pied piper  
And sing the chorus in the air, with your blunt in your lighter

Sing that shit nigga right now

You played yourself thinking your down with me  
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me  
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see  
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

You played yourself thinking your down with me  
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me  
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see  
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

The second verse is worse than the first in this respect  
Scripted specifically to keep people in check  
Harlem to Boston, real niggas spit with me  
But Landspeed, you ain't fucking shit to me

And underground labels know that I don't trust you  
You're only independent 'til you're major, so fuck you  
And if you're pissed off 'cause you think that I dissed you  
I'll rape your mom so we can make this a personal issue

'Dance With The Devil', remember that you're not on my level

Stupid, you're not ready, I won Disypher, Bragging Rights from Rocksteady  
And practically every battle that they got in New York  
And I still murder rappers on the street for sport

Doctor Guillotine cutting you short, little man  
But you don't give me props 'cause I never won at Scribble Jam  
Well, fuck you, I hope somebody you love dies, so fuck your crew  
And fuck your family too  
Technique said it bitch  
What the fuck you gon' do?

You played yourself thinking your down with me  
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me  
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see  
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

You played yourself thinking your down with me  
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me  
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see  
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

Yeah. Wrap it up on these niggas. Wrap it up. Yeah

Immortal Technique incinerate degenerate fags  
Burn Trent Lott, wrapped in his confederate flag  
I got the Beretta with my face wrapped in a rag  
So put the African slave jewelry in the bag

Motherfuckers tell me that a diamond is forever  
What?  
But is it worth the blood of Malcolm and Medgar Evers?  
House niggas get your head severed trying to be thug  
You don't concern me, I'm trying to hurt the people you love

Word of mouth is I'm in the club being sneaky  
I'm like the body snatchers and your girl is getting sleepy  
I'll murder you indiscreetly, right at the source  
Like the Roman legionnaire that stabbed Christ on the cross

This is about Judo, it ain't about Jesus  
And you shouldn't fucking talk about telekinesis  
Nigga, please, moving shit with your mind  
Try moving your moms out the projects with your rhymes

And next time, I'm coming after 'cual quiera' profanity  
Fucking 'carajo maldita mierda'  
Roll up 'de hierba, y pasala, para la izquierda'

Put the price up to listen to me pop shit  
'Cause I got Martha Stewart giving me stock tips  
Underground money with honeys up in the whip  
Bangbus.com, nigga, fucking your bitch

Yeah, played yourself, nigga  
Fuck all ya, you don't know shit about me  
Why open your mouth and discuss who the fuck I am  
I thought I told you niggas on volume one, I wasn't fucking around  
You just slept, 'cause you sold a few thousand units in the golden era  
When niggas would buy anything on the shelf  
But those days are through, and you are through with them

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The 4th Branch"

*[Talking]*

The new age is upon us  
And yet the past refuses to rest in its shallow grave  
For those who hide behind the false image of the son of man  
shall stand before God!!! It has begun  
The beginning of the end  
Yeah..  
Yeah... yeah, yeah

*[Verse 1]*

The voice of racism preaching the gospel is devilish  
A fake church called the prophet Muhammad a terrorist  
Forgetting God is not a religion, but a spiritual bond  
And Jesus is the most quoted prophet in the Qu'ran  
They bombed innocent people, tryin' to murder Saddam  
When you gave him those chemical weapons to go to war with Iran  
This is the information that they hold back from Peter Jennings  
Cause Condoleeza Rice is just a new age Sally Hemmings  
I break it down with critical language and spiritual anguish  
The Judas I hang with, the guilt of betraying Christ  
You murdered and stole his religion, and painting him white  
Translated in psychologically tainted philosophy  
Conservative political right wing, ideology  
Glued together sloppily, the blasphemy of a nation  
Got my back to the wall, cause I'm facin' assassination  
Guantanamo Bay, federal incarceration  
How could this be, the land of the free, home of the brave?  
Indigenous holocaust, and the home of the slaves  
Corporate America, dancin' offbeat to the rhythm  
You really think this country, never sponsored terrorism?  
Human rights violations, we continue the saga  
El Savador and the contras in Nicaragua  
And on top of that, you still wanna take me to prison  
Just cause I won't trade humanity for patriotism

*[Hook]*

It's like MK-ULTRA, controlling your brain  
Suggestive thinking, causing your perspective to change  
They wanna rearrange the whole point of view of the ghetto  
The fourth branch of the government, want us to settle  
A bandana full of glittering, generality  
Fighting for freedom and fighting terror, but what's reality?  
Read about the history of the place that we live in  
And stop letting corporate news tell lies to your children

*[Verse 2]*

Flow like the blood of Abraham through the Jews and the Arabs

Broken apart like a woman's heart, abused in a marriage  
The brink of holy war, bottled up, like a miscarriage  
Embedded correspondents don't tell the source of the tension  
And they refuse to even mention, European intervention  
Or the massacres in Jenin, the innocent screams  
U.S. manufactured missiles, and M-16's  
Weapon contracts and corrupted American dreams  
Media censorship, blocking out the video screens  
A continent of oil kingdoms, bought for a bargain  
Democracy is just a word, when the people are starvin'  
The average citizen, made to be, blind to the reason  
A desert full of genocide, where the bodies are freezin'  
And the world doesn't believe that you fightin' for freedom  
Cause you fucked the Middle East, and gave birth to a demon  
It's open season with the CIA, bugging my crib  
Trapped in a ghetto region like a Palestinian kid  
Where nobody gives a fuck whether you die or you live  
I'm tryin' to give the truth, and I know the price is my life  
But when I'm gone they'll sing a song about Immortal Technique  
Who beheaded the President, and the princes and sheiks  
You don't give a fuck about us, I can see through your facade  
Like a fallen angel standing in the presence of God  
Bitch niggaz scared of the truth, when it looks at you hard

*[Hook]*

It's like MK-ULTRA, controlling your brain  
Suggestive thinking, causing your perspective to change  
They wanna rearrange the whole point of view in the ghetto  
The fourth branch of the government, want us to settle  
A bandana full of glittering, generality  
Fighting for freedom and fighting terror, but what's reality?  
Martial law is coming soon to the hood, to kill you  
While you hanging your flag out your project window

*[Talking]*

Yeah..

The fourth branch of the government AKA the media  
Seems to now have a retirement plan for ex-military officials  
As if their opinion was at all unbiased  
A machine shouldn't speak for men  
So shut the fuck up you mindless drone!  
And you know it's serious  
When these same media outfits are spending millions of dollars on a PR campaign  
To try to convince you they're fair and balanced  
When they're some of the most ignorant, and racist people  
Giving that type of mentality a safe haven  
We act like we share in the spoils of war that they do  
We die in wars, we don't get the contracts to make money off 'em afterwards!  
We don't get weapons contracts, nigga!  
We don't get cheap labor for our companies, nigga!  
We are cheap labor, nigga!  
Turn off the news and read, nigga!  
Read... read... read...





# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Internally Bleeding"

Yea... Yea... Ay yo

The things I've seen in life will make you choke by surprise  
Like an aborted fetus in a jar that opened it's eyes  
Provoking my demise, I'll leave your spirit broken inside  
Like the feeling of 50 million people hoping you'd die  
And niggaz wonder why my heart is full of hatred and anger  
Cause some bitch killed my first born son with a coat hanger  
I strangled out the pain until my soul was empty and cold  
Crippled and worthless, so I thought that it could never be sold  
My mother told me that placing my faith in God was the answer  
But then I hated God cause he gave my mother cancer  
Killing her slow like the Feds did to the Black Panthers  
The genesis of genocide is like a Pagan religion  
Carefully hidden, woven into the holidays of a Christian  
I had a vision of nuclear holocaust on top of me  
And this is prophecy, the words that I speak from my lungs  
The severed head of John the Baptist speaking in tongues  
Like "Che Guevara" my soliloquies speak through a gun  
Paint in slow motion like trees that reach for the sun  
Nigga the preaching is done cause I don't got a DJ  
Like Reverend Run, I curse the life of any man who kills  
Benevolent ones, I never asked to be the messenger  
But I was chosen to speak the words of every African slave  
Dumped in the ocean, stolen by America  
Tortured, buried, and frozen written out of the history books  
Your children are holding, internally bleeding, cold blooded  
Stripped of emotion, I go through the motions, but there's no  
Life in my eyes, it's like I'm hooked up to a respirator  
Waiting to die, hooked up to the fucking chair  
Waiting to fry, soothing an electrocution currently used  
In my execution, producing thoughts at the speed of light  
Burning confusion, I'm loosing my sight, breathing is tight  
The evening is white, I made my peace with the Lord and now I  
Stand on his right..

Death is a another part of life..

These are my last words, I'm having difficulty breathing  
Dying on the inside, internally bleeding  
Angel of death dragging me away while I'm sleeping  
Watching my world crumble in front of me, searching for meaning  
These are my last words, I'm having difficulty breathing  
Dying on the inside, internally bleeding  
Angel of death dragging me away while I'm sleeping  
Watching my world crumble in front of me, searching for meaning



# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Cause Of Death"

*[Talking]*

Immortal Technique

Revolutionary Volume 2

Yeah, broadcasting live from Harlem, New York

Let the truth be known..

*[Verse 1]*

You better watch what the fuck flies outta ya mouth  
Or I'ma hijack a plane and fly it into your house  
Burn your apartment with your family tied to the couch  
And slit your throat, so when you scream, only blood comes out  
I doubt that there could ever be...a more wicked MC  
'Cause AIDS infested child molesters aren't sicker than me  
I see the world for what it is, beyond the white and the black  
The way the government downplays historical facts  
'Cause the United States sponsored the rise of the 3rd Reich  
Just like the CIA trained terrorists to the fight  
Build bombs and sneak box cutters onto a flight  
When I was a child, the Devil himself bought me a mic  
But I refused the offer, 'cause God sent me to strike  
With skills unused like fallopian tubes on a dyke  
My words'll expose George Bush and Bin Laden  
As two separate parts of the same seven headed dragon  
And you can't fathom the truth, so you don't hear me  
You think illuminati's just a fucking conspiracy theory?  
That's why Conservative racists are all runnin' shit  
And your phone is tapped by the Federal Government  
So I'm jammin' frequencies in ya brain when you speak to me  
Technique will rip a rapper to pieces indecently  
Pack weapons illegally, because I'm never hesitant  
Sniper scoping a commission controlling the president

*[Hook]*

Father, forgive them, for they don't know right from wrong  
The truth will set you free, written down in this song  
And the song has the Cause of Death written in code  
The Word of God brought to life, that'll save ya soul..

Save ya soul motherfucker...save ya soul..

Yeah, yeah, yeah

*[Verse 2]*

I hacked the Pentagon for self-incriminating evidence  
Of Republican manufactured white powder pestilence  
Marines Corps. flack vest, with the guns and ammo  
Spittin' bars like a demon stuck inside a piano

Turn a Sambo into a soldier with just one line  
Now here's the truth about the system that'll fuck up your mind  
They gave Al Queda 6 billion dollars in 1989 to 1992  
And now the last chapters of Revelations are coming true  
And I know a lot of people find it hard to swallow this  
Because subliminal bigotry makes you hate my politics  
But you act like America wouldn't destroy two buildings  
In a country that was sponsoring bombs dropped on our children  
I was watching the Towers, and though I wasn't the closest  
I saw them crumble to the Earth like they was full of explosives  
And they thought nobody noticed the news report that they did  
About the bombs planted on the George Washington bridge  
Four Non-Arabs arrested during the emergency  
And then it disappeared from the news permanently  
They dubbed a tape of Osama, and they said it was proof  
"Jealous of our freedom," I can't believe you bought that excuse  
Rocking a motherfucking flag don't make you a hero  
Word to Ground Zero  
The Devil crept into Heaven, God overslept on the 7th  
The New World Order was born on September 11

*[Hook]*

*[Verse 3]*

And just so Conservatives don't take it to heart  
I don't think Bush did it, 'cause he isn't that smart  
He's just a stupid puppet taking orders on his cell phone  
From the same people that sabotaged Senator Wellstone  
The military industry got it poppin' and lockin'  
Looking for a way to justify the Wolfowitz Doctrine  
And as a matter of fact, Rumsfeld, now that I think back  
Without 9/11, you couldn't have a war in Iraq  
Or a Defense budget of world conquest proportions  
Kill freedom of speech and revoke the right to abortions  
Tax cut extortion, a blessing to the wealthy and wicked  
But you still have to answer to the Armageddon you scripted  
And Dick Cheney, you fucking leech, tell them your plans  
About building your pipelines through Afghanistan  
And how Israeli troops trained the Taliban in Pakistan  
You might have some house niggas fooled, but I understand  
Colonialism is sponsored by corporations  
That's why Halliburton gets paid to rebuild nations  
Tell me the truth, I don't scare into paralysis  
I know the CIA saw Bin Laden on dialysis  
In '98 when he was Top Ten for the FBI  
Government ties is really why the Government lies  
Read it yourself instead of asking the Government why  
'Cause then the Cause of Death will cause the propaganda to die..

*[Man talking]*

He is scheduled for 60 Minutes next.  
He is going on French, British, Italian, Japanese television.  
People everywhere are starting to listen to him.

It's embarrassing

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Freedom Of Speech"

Freedom of speech, motherfucker  
Okay, something for the kids (hahaha)

*[Pinocchio]*

I got no strings to hold be down  
To make me fret or make me frown  
I had strings, but now I'm free  
I got no strings on me

*[Verse 1]*

Step into the club smoothly with a L in my hand  
Bitches know that I'm a freak like the elephant man  
Intelligent plans  
Fuck a record deal, I want development land  
With my benevolent clan  
And that's the reason that I only trust my fam  
40,000 records sold, 400 grand  
Fuck a middle man, I won't pay anyone else  
I'll bootleg it and sell it to the streets my self  
I'd rather be that than signed and stuck on a shelf  
And because of this executives try to diss me  
Racism frozen in time like Walt Disney  
And now they say they wanna get me signed to the majors  
If I switch up my politics and change my behavior  
Try to tell me what to rhyme about over the beat  
Bitch niggas that never spent a day in the street  
But I repeat that nobody can hold my reigns  
I put the truth on tracks nigga, simple and plain

*[Pinocchio]*

I got no strings, so I have fun  
I'm not tied up when we need one  
They've got strings but you can see  
There are no strings on me!

*[Verse 2]*

I guess to America I'm a disaster  
A slave that was destined to own his masters  
Independent in every single sense of the word  
I say what I want, you fuckin little sensitive herb  
This is America, I thought we had freedom of speech  
But now you want try to control the way that I speak  
And O'Reilly you think that you a patriot?  
You ain't nothing but a motherfuckin racist bitch  
Fulla hatred, pressin a button trying to inject me  
But I ain't got no motherfuckin deal with Pepsi  
No corporate sponser telling me what to do

Asking me to tone it down during the interview  
Tryin' to minimize the issue, but I'm keeping it large  
I love the place that I live, but I hate the people in charge  
Speakin is hard when you got strings attached  
So I'm a say it for you 'cause I ain't got none o' that  
And if you didn't understand what I spit at your brain  
Aiyyo son, let this little nigga explain:

*[Pinocchio]*

I got no strings, so I have fun  
I'm not tied up when we need one  
They've got strings but you can see  
There are no strings on me!

Come on son, y'all niggas know the way I do  
Immortal Technique-dot-com live for you  
And I know sometimes it be making you nervous  
The way I snatch puppet rappers that belong in a circus  
You motherfuckers just can't compare  
Looking for a fan base that's no longer there  
I know that you're scared, and you're hidin' up in the cut  
But this is freedom of speech nigga, tell 'em what's up

Word nigga, fuck John Ashcroft! Nigga, fuck Fox News! Fuck those snake-ass  
bitches Tryin to manipulate your opinion, tellin you what to think  
Word the fuck up, like "we invaded niggas 'cause we want to free them"  
You racist motha fucka, you don't give a shit about those people  
You can suck my dick!!  
(hahahaha)

Another rum and coke at the bar, nigga  
Its my day off, word up  
Fuck, for the kids, (ha) for the kids (hahaha)  
Beat Bandits

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Leaving The Past"

They told me I would never make it, I would never achieve it  
Reality is nourishment, but people don't believe it  
I guess it's hard to stomach the truth like a bulimic  
It's a dirty game and nobody is willing to clean it  
But this is for the paraplegic, people dreamin' of runnin'  
Ladies married to men who don't please 'em, dreamin' of comin'  
Verbally murderous like David Berkowitz when I'm gunnin'  
Some cowards on the Internet didn't think I would sell  
Scared to talk shit in person, 'cause they stuck in a shell  
And couldn't understand the pain of being stuck in a cell  
Hell is not a place you go, if you're not a Christian  
It's the failure of your life's greatest ambition  
It's a bad decision to blindly follow any religion  
I don't see the difference in between the wrong and the wrong  
Soldiers emptyin' their clips at little kids and their moms  
Are just like a desperate motherfucker strapped to a bomb  
Humanity's gone, smoked up in a gravity bong  
By a democrat republican Cheech and Chong  
Immortal Technique, you never heard me preach in a song  
I'm not controversial, I'm just speakin' the facts  
Put your hands in the air like you got the heat to your back  
And shake your body like a baby born addicted to crack  
And since life's a gamble like the craps tables at Vegas  
I freestyle my destiny, it's not written in pages

I hate it when they tell us how far we came to be  
As if our people's history started with slavery  
Painfully I discovered the shit they kept a secret  
This is the exodus like the black Jews out of Egypt  
I keep it reality based with the music I make  
Blow up the truth in your face with the style I run with  
Like the Navy missile that shot down Flight 800  
I'm like the Africans who came here before Colombus  
And from the fifteen hundreds until after the morrow  
I watch Latin America get raped in the sorrow  
You see the Spaniards never left despues de Colon  
And if you don't believe me, you can click on Univision  
I never seen so much racism in all of my life  
Every program and newscast, all of them white  
It's like Apartheid with 10 percent ruling the rest  
That type of stress 'll make me put the fucking tool to your chest  
Step in my way nigga, I wouldn't wanna be ya  
I burn slow like pissing drunk with gonorrhea  
I'll do a free show in North Korea, burning the flag  
While J. Edgar Hoover politicians dress up in drag  
Try to confuse you, makin' it hard to follow this:  
Capitalism and democracy are not synonymous



You swallow propaganda like a birth control pill  
Sellin' your soul to the eye on the back of the dollar bill  
But that will never be me, 'cause I'm leavin' the past  
Like an abused wife with the kids, leavin' your ass  
Like a drug addict clean and sober, leavin' the stash  
Unbreakable Technique leavin' the plane crash  
I'm out with the black box and I refuse to return  
I spit reality, instead of what you usually learn  
And I refuse to be concerned with condescending advice  
'Cause I'm the only motherfucker that could change my life

Some people think I won't make it  
But I know that I will  
Escape the emptiness  
'Cause that shit is slow and it kills  
The flow and the skill  
I made y'all believe that it last  
You can make the future  
But it starts with leaving the past

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "You Never Know"

(feat. Jean Grae)

*[Immortal Technique:]*

She was on her way to becoming a college graduate  
Wouldn't even stop to talk to the average kid  
The type of Latina I'd sit and contemplate marriage with  
Fuck the horse and carriage shit, her love was never for hire  
Disciplined, intellectual beauty is what I desire  
Flyer than Salma Hayek or Jennifer Lopez  
Everyone told me, kickin' it to her was hopeless  
At first I just thought she didn't mess with broke kids  
The thug niggas always talking about how they smoke kids  
But the rich-sniff-coke kids got no play  
"I'm not even interested" is what her body language would say  
Everyone around the way gave up trying to get in it  
It didn't matter how good your game was, she wasn't with it  
On the block, bitches was jealous but wouldn't admit it  
Talk shit, and deny to everyone that they did it, 'cause they regretted the long list of niggas that they let hit it  
And no one ever gave them shit except McDonald's and did-dick  
Smoking weed, with thoughts of envy whenever they lit it  
She spoke intelligently and they bit it, always trying to copy  
But when they tried to use her vocab they sounded sloppy  
She had a style, all her own, respectful and pure  
I was sick in the head for her, and there wasn't a cure

*[Jean Grae:]*

Don't you know that time waits for no man?  
My fate, it's all planned  
I'm blessed just to know you  
I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night  
Can't find a reason why  
God came between you and I  
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go  
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

*[Immortal Technique:]*

Her eyes are brown and beautiful, yet empty and sad  
I used to talk to her occasionally, and she was glad  
That I wasn't just another nigga trying to get in it  
So every now and then we'd stop and talk for a minute  
I didn't have a gimmick, so the minutes turned to hours  
On her birthday I gave her a poem with flowers  
Then I took her out to dinner after her cousin's baby shower  
We talked about power to the people and such  
We spent more time together, but it was never enough  
I never tried to sneak a touch or even cop a feel  
I was too interested in keeping it real  
Perfectly honest and complete

She would always call me "cariño" and never Technique  
Bought me a new book to read every two or three weeks  
Forever changing the expression of my thoughts when I speak  
It was because of her I even deaded all of my freaks  
She convinced me to stop hanging out on the streets  
To stop robbin' and stealing from people like you  
Instead I took her out to the Apollo and the Bronx Zoo  
Museo del Barrio, and the Metropolitan too  
Got to the point when I was either with her or my crew  
So I decided one day to tell her my feelings was true  
I couldn't live without her, so I told her, facing my fears  
But honey's only response was a face full of tears  
She could only sob hysterically, holding me tight  
I tried to speak, but she wouldn't stop until I left sight  
I felt like a moth who got himself too close to the light  
Except I didn't burn, I turned cold after that night

*[Jean Grae:]*

Don't you know that time waits for no man?  
My fate, it's all planned  
I'm blessed just to know you  
I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night  
Can't find a reason why  
God came between you and I  
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go  
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

*[Immortal Technique:]*

I went on with my life, college and my career  
Ended up locked up like an animal for a year  
Where the C.O.'s talk to you like they were the overseer  
Then I got sent to the hole when my exit was near  
At night in my cell, I'd close my eyes and I'd see her  
Hold her close in my dreams, but when I woke she disappeared  
Just an empty cell until the state gave me parole  
In the summer, came back, intact and on track  
But the fact of the matter is I still felt cold  
Even after my mother hugged me, crying at home  
My real niggas would catch me thinking, outta my zone  
Fucking lots of different women, but I still felt alone  
Relatively well-known around the New York underground  
But I kept thinking of her and how we used to be down  
The sound of her voice, and the beautiful smell of her hair  
Though gone physically, somehow it was still there  
I had to do something because the shit was too much to bear  
So I went and visited the building where she used to live  
The world looks a lot different after you do a bid  
The way your life done changed  
While primitive minds are still stuck in the same game  
Like her cousin who was on the corner, slanging cocaine  
Stepped in the lobby, and tapped the button next to her last name  
Her mom buzzed me up and hugged me up like a mother oughta  
But her facial expression changed

When I asked about her daughter

*[Jean Grae:]*

Don't you know that time waits for no man?  
My fate, it's all planned  
I'm blessed just to know you  
I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night  
Can't find a reason why  
God came between you and I  
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go  
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

*[Immortal Technique:]*

She told me that there was a note, for me, that was left behind  
And she had left it there waiting for such a long time  
I was inclined to ask about it, but she brought it up first  
I saw a tear swelling up in her eye, and then she cursed  
She told me where the letter was, and I started thinking the worst  
Reversed my position, stepped over and opened the door  
And sure enough there was an envelope  
With my name on the floor: "Nobody loves you more than me, cariño," is what the letter said

"By the time you get to read this, I'll probably be dead  
But when you left in '97, a part of me went to Heaven  
I thank God at least I got to know what love really was  
But it hurt me to see what true love really does  
'Cause even though we never made love  
You were all that there was  
It was because I loved you so much that I had to make you leave  
You made me doubt the way I thought  
You made me want to believe  
And then I slipped up, and I let you get close to me  
It was hard to not be openly when people spoke to me  
This was not the way I thought my life was supposed to be  
Baby, don't you see?  
I had a blood transfusion that left me with HIV  
Hope didn't exist for me since late in 1993  
I died a virgin, I wish I could've given myself to you  
I cried in the hospital because there was no one else but you  
Promise that you'll meet me in Paradise inevitably  
No matter what, I'll keep your love forever with me"

What happened for the rest of the day is still a blur  
But I remember wishing that I was dead, instead of her  
She was buried on August 3rd

The story ends without a sequel; and now you know why Technique don't fucking fall in love with people  
Hold the person that you love closely if they're next to you  
The one you love, not the person that'll simply have sex with you  
Appreciate them to the fullest extent and then beyond  
'Cause you never really know what you got until it's gone



# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "One (Remix)"

(feat. Akir)

*[Intro]*

*[Akir:]* Yo tech, it's the last call baby it's good

*[Immortal Technique:]* Yeah, you know a remix just feels right dog?

*[Akir:]* Before we get outta here, you gotta drop one last gem on them  
Knahmsayin?

*[Immortal Technique:]* No question, it's like the elders told me  
No one person can do anything, but everyone can do something  
So we gotta rep, for all the niggaz that ain't here right now

*[Akir:]* The outro tip, the One Remix, yo

*[Akir]*

One Enterprises, comprises the artist and the sound  
The pen and paper plays my savior while I'm getting down  
Pray for my nieghbors as a favor for holding me down  
Slave for my papers as I savor the way that it pounds  
It's underground, but the blatent vibrations widely found  
Facing the nation complacent radio stations now  
Stop hesitaing and contemplating the way we paitient  
Start motivating and get them playin the shit we sayin  
Ain't no delayin in this war that we gettin slayed in  
Cause times a waistin while we stand adjacent to abrasions  
They founs are more than flagrant  
And so I see the prisons cages while I pound the pavement  
Looking for payment saying fuck enslavement  
Usin the tools of old ancients  
Announcing my engagment to this music that we making  
Ain't no faking on tracks, and we ain't never come wack (never!)  
Immortal Technique and Akir y'all niggaz fear us that's a wrap  
It's like

*[Hook]*

One love

One music

One people

One movement

One heart

One spark

One, One, One, One

One gift

One lift

One stance

One shift

One way

One day

One, One, One, One, One

*[Immortal Technique]*

Immortal Technique in the trenches with my nigga Akir  
Our family survived the genocides so we can be here  
And now we enterprise the aftermath, one in the same  
Living the revolution 'till we catch one in the brain  
And even then my spirit will return in heavenly form  
And wipe the chess board clean, of my enemies pawns  
The red don communist threat, buried and gone  
So they invented a war, the government can carry on  
It makes me wonder if the word of god is lost in the man  
This is for the children of Iraq, lost in the sand  
This is for the illest emcees that'll never be known  
And this is for all the soldiers that'll never come home  
I wrote this for Momia, stuck in a beast  
For people who, march in the streets, and struggle for peace  
For hood niggaz, born rugged, never rocking Versace  
Eddie Ramirez's cousin George, and my old friend Sashi  
Chris from the block, and all my niggaz stuck in a cell  
Paul Wolfowitz, motherfucker I'll see you in hell  
My destiny is to show the world, that the music is real  
Go back in time and play this shit, for the slaves in the field  
And for my children in the future, waiting to breathe  
People slowly dying hanging on, waiting to leave  
Believe when I'm gone, and this album's on a library shelf  
I'll be one with god and one with you and everything else

*[Hook]*

*[Immortal Technique talking]*

Yeah..

Revolutionary Volume 2 has been brought to you  
By the type of motherfuckers who ain't scared of shit  
And if you playing this album, and I'm no longer here  
And sometime far away from when I recorded this  
Remember that history  
Isn't the way the corporate controlled media made it look like  
Read between the lines and free your mind  
Revolution is the birth of equality  
And the anti-thesis to oppression  
But this is only built for real motherfuckers  
So when I'm gone, don't let nobody I never got along with  
Try to make songs kissing my ass, recycling my beats or my vocals  
The shit is real over here man  
Thank you for listening, and thank you for supporting independent Hip Hop  
The heart and soul of our culture  
Keeping the truth alive  
Goodnight my people.. goodnight..

## "Apocalypse Remix"

(feat. Akir, Pharoahe Monch)

{"Green Lantern"}

*[Immortal Technique:]*

The system, can never stop what's been set into motion  
Like volcanic eruptions on the floor of the ocean  
My purpose is to burst to the surface  
Immersed in the smoldering lava from verses  
Surrounded by, murder mamas not bitches that's worthless  
I cut chicken heads off, like hexes and curses, weapons I purchase  
Make Homeland Security nervous; I run, pockets and purses  
Like subway searchers robbin masonic temples disguised as churches  
I'm busy so I'll leave that one for you to interpret  
Three serpents of merchants from military industry murder  
The beef is eaten up, like the mad cow in your burger  
Fathom the cause of cattle cannibalism  
Factory farms, are like a fuckin animal prison  
The microcosm of, Adam Smith's capitalism  
America's pagan religion given as the mark of the beast to the Christians  
A destruction of, Babylon, that's my mission!

*[Chorus: Immortal Technique]*

Everywhere Tech and them go, the Feds watchin us  
Clockin the world through satellites like binoculars  
We fight for the release of political hostages  
Motherfuckin right soldier, this is the apocalypse!  
Everywhere Tech and them go, the Feds watchin us  
Clockin the world through satellites like binoculars  
We fight for the release of political hostages  
Waitin for 2012's burning apocalypse

*[Akir:]*

Yo, sex drugs and murder, webcams and burgers  
Check scams and lurkers, test scans to purpose  
Sect crams to further, death plans and workers  
Get canned you nervous as you step, plan that hurts us  
It's demand to be purchased, we can care if you serve us  
We programmed to be perfect, frequent handed the serpents  
An amazement on purpose, see I'm amazin my earners  
But now the tables is turnin, got my hand right on that curtain  
Hit the stages and burn it, with these pages I earn this  
Can't take it, I'm nervous while fake enemies perp'in  
Foul energies worth and, crowds' ears'll be perk'in  
Take it somethin disturbin and it's hurtin for certain  
Yearnin to get my turn in, workin to get a word in  
Been in the scene observin while I'm learnin how the system's worked and  
Capitalistic merchants tryin to make a million urgent  
Constructive revolution confusin how the world's burnin



*[Chorus x2: Akir]*

Everywhere I get 'em go, the beast watchin us  
Know we got the spot in control, they got binoculars  
When we be, out on the road they try to follow us  
You never gon' silence this, this is the apocalypse

*[Pharoahe Monch:]*

You have now acquired an old cyrus hybrid, work 'til my third iris  
Chip inside my brain projects scriptures onto my eyelids  
Celibacy, virtual sex, avoid the virus  
Secretive shit that I did will put the city at high risk  
The mentalist, the temple that houses the wisdom  
It's like, Malcolm X calculus amalgamated algorithms  
They say "Pharoahe, teach me about the system"  
Nigga boot me in your computer I'll give you acute astigmatism  
See through +Windows+, +Word+, Pharoahe's the +Mac+ +Intel+  
Bit off the +Apple+, plant seeds, spit crack +Excel+  
Lyrical +FireFox+, the verbal +Explorer+  
Who metaphors the industry to Sodom and Gomorrah for ya  
They profit from water, they'll profit from oxygen  
Pharoahe the prophet says that this is the apocalypse  
We livin in these last days, use your optics what the topic is  
The coppers got binoculars, they'll probably try to knock us cause

*[Chorus: Pharoahe Monch, Immortal Technique]*

*[Pharoahe Monch:]* Everywhere Pharoahe goes, the Feds watchin me

*[Immortal Technique:]* Satellites observin the fulfillment of the prophecy

*[Pharoahe Monch:]* Middle fingers up to the sky with no apologies

*[Immortal Technique:]* Cause none of you got an apocalypse insurance policy

*[Pharoahe Monch:]* Everywhere Pharoahe goes, the Feds watchin me

*[Immortal Technique:]* Fascism breakin out of the cocoon of democracy

*[Pharoahe Monch:]* Middle fingers up to the sky with no apologies

*[Immortal Technique:]* Iraq was just practice for the urban war philosophy

*[Outro: Immortal Technique]*

Ha ha ha, AH-hahahahaha!

It's burnin in here, call the Fyre Dept.

Akir, aiyyo Pharoahe

They ain't never gon' find this shit man

Ha ha ha ha, like the weapons of mass destruction

*[laughing]*

## "Death March"

*[DJ Green Lantern]*

This is an invasion, an occupation  
Immortal Technique, the evil genius DJ Green Lantern  
And you're now in the state of guerilla warfare  
It has been spread by the superpowers of the industry  
To the 3rd World underground of the streets  
This is for all those who've been labeled extremists, maniacs, terrorists  
Shit.. Welcome to the 3rd World

*[Immortal Technique]*

Yeah.. Yeah..

Invansion and rampant monetary inflation  
That brought us all to the footsteps of this nation  
Peruvians, Haitians, Ecuadorians, Nicaraguans, Colombians, Salvadorians

Invansion and rampant monetary inflation  
That brought us all to the footsteps of this nation

*[2x]*

Invansion and rampant monetary inflation  
That brought us all to the footsteps of this nation  
Peruvians, Haitians, Ecuadorians, Nicaraguans, Colombians, Salvadorians  
They call us terrorists after they ruined our countries  
Funding right-wing paramilitary monkeys  
Tortured our populace then blamed the communists  
Your lies are too obvious, propoganda monotonous  
And that's not socialist mythology  
This is urban warfare through the streets of your psychology  
So I'm like the legs of a paraplegic really  
Cause I'm still part of you even if you can't feel me  
You can never debate me, The M4s at your baby  
Like troops with gats in Iraq do daily  
So you can marginalize the way you portray me  
But don't get Hollywood and try to play me  
We can shoot it out in the theater like troops in the 80s  
New Jack City classic crap era, mack-milli  
Shouting BET is not black-owned on Rap City  
You got a contract to kill me motherfucker, that's fine  
Cause there's a contract to kill your family when I die  
So when your car explodes, don't be surprised  
Soldier, I'm like Marine Corp C4  
Even blow the spot with the beat rocking at 3/4  
Canvas the flow like the ghost of Michaelangelo  
This is the anthem, Immortal Technique and Green Lantern  
Don't say shit bitch, you don't want the "check, check"  
To become a ..chick, chick.. You know what I'm sick with  
Lyrical tuberculosis, cocaine overdoses  
Blood coming out your noses, that's when death approaches

March to my death smilin, laugh if the end's violent  
There's no escape from this political asylum

Revolutionaries don't fear execution  
Cause the death of my visible Constitution  
Is just the beginning of spiritual evolution  
God will reincarnate me as revolution

*[DJ Green Lantern]*

You can't take out a revolution  
You can't kill a idea  
Fuck is you stupid?  
You kill that man, he becomes martyr

*[Immortal Technique]*

Ignore the triplets, this is a fully loaded four-four  
3rd World underground hardcore  
Street-hop, locked and loaded, motherfucker you should know it  
Blast the door to the game open and overthrow it

## "That's What It Is"

*[Invasion]*

Ok... let's go... talk to em'... holler  
Don't you get tired of hearing niggas say that shit?... all the time?  
Why can't you shut the fuck up and rhyme nigga?!

*[Invasion]*

Yeah... yeah... used to run around getting my fight in the streets on  
Back in the day before Harlem had a green zone  
What good is a good education with no direction?  
Like the right to vote with no one to vote for in an election  
Like a gun with no bullets in the clip for protection  
Like the crowd packed in the front without the midsection  
Used to live robbing and stealing and being reckless  
It took time for my mind to put the ghetto in perspective  
I used to live in the back, of a holding van  
Used to be offbeat, like the white girls' shoulder dance  
I wrote rhymes a cappella, no beat, behind bars  
Shed blood to make it, like the story behind scars  
I used to be a battle champion, in the meanwhile  
Before some of you little fuckers learned to freestyle  
Prematurely senile, underground prima donnas  
I was Oliver North during Iran Contra  
Cause I, never snitched, and that's backed by evidence  
I learned it by watching you, don't ever forget it bitch  
Cause everybody knows how the government do  
They never snitch on themselves, but they want you to snitch on YOU  
Evolution from Australopithecus  
Primitive commercial shit to hard-core lyricist  
Your wax is useless  
Rappers are dropping like Icarus  
Technological revolution... nigga picture this

(motherfucka what?)

Yeah... I told you what it was, but this is what it is now  
Lyrical bullets, packed to the top of the clip now  
Treat it like a robbery, I'm shutting this shit down  
Fellas put your hands up and the all the women strip down  
That's not misogynist, you ostriches, cause I could just, apocalypse  
Talk politics to the populace  
Or challenge what the market is  
With militant caucuses  
That'll smash the spirit of Hip Hop out the sarcophagus  
This is the curse of Tutankhamen, I bring the drama on  
I'm sinful, I eat you, broad daylight on Ramadan  
Hip Hop, reparations, now we taking back Delucci  
Don't tell me you spent it on coke, like Danny Bonaduce  
We're tired of being on the outside, looking in  
Wondering what the fuck Hip Hop would've been

This is what it is, as opposed to what it used to be  
And this is your corporate tax ID eulogy  
Dominant speech is the new breed, that won't let you breath  
I'll make you die for what I believe  
So we got nothing in common  
There ain't no comparison  
You got beef with niggas, I got beef with Aryans  
White power Nazi European Americans  
Rapid Poverty pimps, and fake vegetarians  
The resurrection, ripping a ball through the record (wrecking?) section  
Flight connection to the gentry board of all guerrilla lessons  
Fuck a middle man distributor, I got a choice now  
This ain't Volume 1., I got a grown man's voice now  
Toured the country four times over, I'm older and wiser  
Poisonous words, you'll find strychnine in my saliva

(motherfucka what?... Bring it to 'em raw)

I told you what it was, but this is what it is now  
50 caliber bullets, I don't need a clip now  
Fuck your private jet nigga we shooting the shit down  
Bomb wall street and make the stock market dip down  
I told you what it was, but this is what it is now  
you the shit nigga, I don't care about shit now  
I play the role of Abraham, idols get ripped down  
Melt the ice caps, and make all of this shit brown

(No one out there can fuck with me)  
(motherfucka what?)  
(I speak that real shit)  
(to smash the airwaves)  
(I don't want to tell you motherfuckers again)

## "Golpe De Estado"

*[Intro]*

Lamentablemente, las condiciones que estamos viviendo en  
han llegado a ser una miseria insoportable para la gente  
Pero hay unas veinte patrias engreídas que todavía creen  
en una sociedad de antes donde los artistas  
fuimos bestias de trabajo para la industria  
Ese sueño se ha acabado  
Y ahora nos encontramos despiertos en la hora de revolución  
porque no podemos llamar esto un 'movimiento' si toda la propiedad  
intelectual pertenece a los que nos oprimen

Yeah!

Yeah!

Yeah!

Motherfucker!

Ya te dije

Que se ha acabado la mierda

*[Immortal Technique]*

Nos compraron el alma barata  
Hasta la sangre nos sacan, atacan  
Y con un contrato te atrapan  
Pero primero me matan hermano  
Porque prefiero morir  
Peleando que ser esclavo  
Industria sucia  
Toma lluvia de ácido  
Aprende la historia del hip hop clásico  
  
Cuando controlan el negocio y la cultura  
La música se vuelve en comercial basura  
Y la reina latina, pintada como gallina  
Es más que bailarina o puta en la esquina  
Es abogada, profesora, madre, soldada  
Y carga nuestro futuro cuando está embarazada  
Mira nuestra gente crucificada  
Y la manera desgraciada  
Que estos perros no hablan de nada  
Más que fiestas y riqueza  
Que la gente no tiene  
Así que ahora vas a ver  
La violencia que viene

Un movimiento de verdad ha empezado  
Dejamos el imperio corrupto descuartizado  
Golpe de estado disparando al presidente  
Es hora de revolución nuevamente

Un movimiento de verdad ha empezado

Dejamos el imperio corrupto descuartizado  
Golpe de estado disparando al presidente  
Es hora de revolucion nuevamente

*[Temperamento]*

Golpe de estado el mercado me tiene bravo  
Hermano yo pinto el cuadro  
Y el barrio ya esta cansado cabron  
Yo te lo juro que lo que yo sudo es puro  
Ustedes son burros  
Que venden el culo por el reggaeton  
Abre los ojos, cojo el presidente del sello  
Bobo le rompo el cuello al pendejo  
Solo con mi cañón

No tengo miedo guerrero por eso muero  
Y me quedo con tiraera  
Porque ella llama la atencion

Levanta publico mano te tienen innotisado  
Entrenado inyectandote mierda con la estacion

Temperamento rey del movimiento  
Este es mi tiempo  
Con mi cancion  
Hasta Tempo sale de la prision  
Por mis palabras tengo seguidores  
Rapeadores en todas las naciones  
Comisiones de aplicar presion  
Yo soy la epidemia, la saga, las nueve plagas  
La misma palabra en la biblia  
Que habla de Armagedon  
La competencia es riqueza  
Que tristeza  
Que tengo que romperle la cabeza  
Pa que me pidan perdon  
Perriando quiere decirte que tu eres de la brutas  
No te gusta que te llamen puta escucha la cancion  
El sandunguero es tan feo  
Que es con doble sentido  
Le dicen a tu hijo que lo haga sin condon  
El estremera y el capital inmortal  
Vamos a gritas pa que viva la revolucion

*[Translation]*

Pitifully (deplorably/sadly), the conditions that we're living in  
have become an insupportable misery for the people  
But there are some twenty conceited countries that still believe  
in an archaic (old/outdated/outmoded/antiquated/anachronistic) society  
where the artists were beasts of burden for industry  
That dream is over with  
And now we find ourselves awakened at the time of revolution  
because we cannot call this 'change' if all intellectual property

belongs to those who aren't {?}

Yeah!

Yeah!

Yeah!

Mother fucker!

I already told you

That the shit is finished!

*[Immortal Technique]*

They bought our souls cheap  
Even blood they take from us, they attack us  
And with a contract they trap you  
But first they'll kill me, bro  
Because I prefer to die  
Fighting than to be a slave  
Dirty industry, drink acid rain  
Learn the history of classic hip hop

When they control business and culture  
Music becomes commercial garbage  
And the Latina queen painted like a chicken  
She's more than a dancer or a whore in the corner  
She is a lawyer, teacher, mother, soldier  
And bears our future when she is pregnant  
Look at our crucified people  
And the disgraceful way  
That these dogs do not talk about anything  
Other than parties and riches/wealth  
That the people don't have  
Therefore/Thus now you're going to see  
The violence that comes

A movement of truth has begun  
We're leaving the corrupt empire in pieces  
Coup d'etat shooting the president  
It is time for revolution again

A movement of truth has begun  
We're leaving the corrupt empire in pieces  
Coup d'etat shooting the president  
It is time for revolution again



## "Harlem Renaissance"

"Let me welcome both of you  
uh, to the show this morning to talk about what I consider  
to be a very very important topic, uh, the Harlem Renaissance  
But before we get into that..."

### *[Immortal Technique]*

Yeah, Harlem once was red line district rated (uhh)  
Designated ghetto like the yellow star of David  
And you wonder why, people don't own they homes (why?)  
Cause the racist bank wouldn't fuckin mortgage a loan  
Harlem once was red line district rated (uhh)  
Designated ghetto like the yellow star of David  
And you wonder why, people don't own they homes (why?)  
Cause the racist bank wouldn't fuckin mortgage a loan {WAKE UP!}

Harlem once was red line district rated (uhh)  
Designated ghetto like the yellow star of David  
And you wonder why, people don't own they homes (why?)  
Cause the racist bank wouldn't fuckin mortgage a loan  
Until after the invasion of, gentrification  
Eminent domain intimidation, that's not negotiation  
And it's frustratin to look at, every day  
Like watchin a porno, on 56-K  
Biohazard labs instead of store rooms  
What's next motherfucker, projects as dorm rooms?  
You ain't fool nobody in this community duke  
With your little fake Manhattanville community group  
Ivy league, real estate firms are corrupt  
I lay siege to your castle like the Moors in Europe  
They treat street vendors like criminal riff-raff  
While politicians get the corporate kickbacks (snakes)

### *[Chorus: Immortal Technique]*

Harlem Renaissance, a revolution betrayed  
Modern day slaves thinkin that the ghetto is saved  
'Til they start deportin people off the property  
Ethnically cleansin the hood, economically  
They wanna kill the real Harlem Renaissance  
Tryin to put the Virgin Mary through a early menopause  
The savior is a metaphor for how we set it off  
Guerrilla war against the re-zoning predators

### *[Immortal Technique]*

When I speak about Harlem, I speak to the world  
The little Afghan boy, and the Bosnian girl  
The African in Sudan, the people of Kurdistan  
The third world American, indigenous man  
Palestinians, Washington Heights, Dominicans  
Displaced New Orleans citizens

Beachfront Brazilian favelas that you livin in  
The hood is prime real estate, they want back in again (fuck outta here)  
I didn't write this to talk shit, I say it because  
some of y'all forgot what the Harlem Renaissance was  
We had revolution, music and artisans  
But the movement was still fucked up like Parkinson's  
Cause while we were givin birth to the culture we love  
Prejudice, kept our own people out of the club  
Only colored celebrities in the party (fake nigga!)  
And left us a legacy of false superiority  
W.E.B. Du Bois versus Marcus Garvey  
And we ended up, sellin out to everybody  
The Dutch {?} and the John Gotti's  
Banksters, modern day gangsters, immobile army  
They wanna move us all out the N.Y.C.  
Like they did to the Jews with the Alhambra decree  
So support your own businesses and do the knowledge  
Cause the real Harlem Renaissance is economic (yeah)

*[Chorus]*

{"Green Lantern... The Evil Genius!"}

"When they were saying it is the renaissance, of Harlem  
they didn't mean, that we had stake in that  
They meant to say that they could make money out of us"

"They are coming in with all kind of prejudices  
In Brooklyn they're doing the same thing  
In, um, Queens they're doing the same thing; the Bronx  
There's hardly any place which is affordable  
I mean these people are putting up condominiums  
which start from a million dollars  
How many people in this community make that kind of money?  
How many people have that kind of money?"

"People of Harlem, they are the natural allies of the oppressed people  
of the world, whether the struggle is in Panama, in Africa, Cuba"

"We spend money with the wrong people  
We are looking for love, with people who don't love us  
What's wrong with us loving each other  
and making sure that we are protected?"

## "Lick Shots"

(feat. Chino XL, Crooked.I)

### *[Intro]*

This is the Invasion!  
The Evil Genius Green Lantern!  
Immortal Technique, "The 3rd World"  
(It's on now motherfucker - ha ha, drop)  
You ain't got the right to bear arms, huh?  
Sometimes you might have to brandish a motherfuckin firearm  
(Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots, lick shots)

### *[Chorus: Immortal Technique]*

Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots  
Lick shots for the revolution  
Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots, lick shots  
But watch, where the fuck you shootin  
Yo where you aimin at? Where you aimin at?  
Where the fuck you niggaz aimin at?  
Where you aimin at? Where you aimin at?  
This is only for the hardcore wherever you at, yeah

### *[Immortal Technique]*

Random one cop killa, hip-hop has never been realer  
Volume 2 shot up the president like a gorilla  
New York police state capital tried to swallow me  
Locked me longer than Puerto Rico been a colony  
Thirteenth Amendment slavery property  
And now they signin rappers that promote their philosophy?  
Fuck that, nigga hip-hop is not Republican  
That's just the white motherfuckers that own the publishin  
And get the fuck out, if you want the foreigners gone  
I paint the White House black and park my car on the lawn  
Marry a Muslum girl and fuck her five times a day (WHAT?)  
Every time right before we shower and pray (HA!)  
You damn right the AK, symbolizes Jihad  
But a holy war, is a conversation with God  
You bitch niggaz misinterpret what you don't understand  
Stackin the wrong sign can end up, shootin your man  
Shootin each other, shootin your brother  
Aim the gun at the right motherfucker  
and leave him colder than the prison in Russia  
or America's white power structure  
Niggaz love to say "Fuck revolution!"  
Until the jury comin and move for the prosecution  
And them brothers act like a born-again Huey Newton  
Forgot about the bullshit music they was producin  
But my niggaz aim precisely, through the confusion - AND

### *[Chorus]*

*[Crooked.]*

I got a hundred shooters with me, Rugers shoot you through the kidney  
Stand in front of the judge and lie quicker than Scooter Libby  
I'm runnin through the city - dear God  
If I murk the racist Rush Limbaugh I wonder would you forgive me? (Huh?)  
Somebody told me glim back as the plan's over  
See ya, time to let him see a damn soldier  
Flip your Landrover, I told ya I blam toasters  
Gun pop off like the mouth of Ann Coulter  
This is my gangsta religion  
See I aim with precision, point blank the position  
I'm black as them ancient Egyptians  
Before European historians went and changed the description  
I'm blamed for the 'caine in the kitchen  
The C.I.A. playin with the pigeons, same pain that I'm pitchin (yea)  
Listen, you dudes better watch the hook  
I'm a boxer, coppers'll come up, Hoffa look  
They wanna get rid of this conscious crook  
Like I'm a Gnostic, apocryphal, non-canonical Gospel book  
But I ain't goin nowhere, that's the motherfuckin truth  
America don't care for its inner city youth - so I

*[Chorus]*

*[Chino XL]*

Puerto Rican superhero!  
Yo, XL eternal my journal, Sojourner, Nat Turner  
Cop murdered by the certain burner turned in the back of his sternum  
He flirted with pullin me over for bein brown, I bust  
Now he in the back of the truck with Don Imus  
I must, take aim when I lick shots  
Throw stray bullets like when Nas got off of Pharoahe Monch  
These pigs wanna see us dead inside a jail cell  
Turn us from Shawn Carter to Shawn Combs to Sean Bell  
My temper 'bout to break like levees in New Orleans  
Catch Jimmy Iovine when he refinance his mortgages  
Kid illusion is dead, we movin with the blue and the red  
Latin Kings, Giuliani with a gat to his head  
Y'all don't lick shots like killers aimin at the Feds  
Y'all lick shots like Jenna Jameson and Superhead  
Pigs slice to Venice and beef at the benefits meet  
Buried him on Venice Beach with the flies and the bees  
Bzzzt - Chino, and Immortal Tech'  
Kill shit like the Chinito at Virginia Tech (what's fuckin with that?)  
And Jacob ain't your friend, he's a fuckin jeweler  
BLAP, BLAP! I shoot the cats off your fuckin Pumas!

*[Chorus]*

## "The 3rd World"

Immortal Technique and DJ Green Lantern  
Third World mother fuckers!

### *[Immortal Technique]*

I'm from where the gold and diamonds are ripped from the earth  
right next to the slave castles where the water is cursed  
from where police brutality's not half as nice  
It makes the hood in America look like paradise  
compared to the AIDS-infested Caribbean slum  
African streets where the passport's an American gun  
from where they massacre people and try to keep it quiet  
and spend the next 25 years tryin' to deny it  
I'm from where they cut your hands off if you make a fist  
and niggas grow coca cause the job market doesn't exist  
except slave labor modern day company store  
and peace keeper's don't ever ever ever come here no more  
from where the bombs that they used to drop on Vietnam  
Kill us children born deformed eight months before they born  
I'm from where they lost the true meaning of the Qur'an  
'cause heroin is not compatible with Islam  
And niggas know that, but grow that poppy seed anyway  
'cause that food drop parachute does not come everyday  
I'm from where people pray to the gods of their conquerors  
and practically every president's a money launderer  
From the only place democracy is acceptable  
Is if America candidate is electable  
And they might even have a black president, but he's useless  
'Cause he does not control the economy stupid!

### *[Chorus]*

Lock and load your gun, where I'm from: the Third World son  
Been to many places but I'm Third World-born  
Guerrillas hit and run where I'm from: the Third World son  
You polluted everything, and now the Third World's gone  
The waters poisoned where I'm from son: the Third World son  
Seven hundred children die by the end 'this song  
Revolution'll come, where I'm from: the Third World son  
Constant occupation, leaves the Third World torn

### *[Immortal Technique]*

I'm from where the catholic church is some racist shit  
They helped Europe and America rape this bitch  
They pray to white Spaniard Jesus, who's face is this  
But never talk about the black Pope Gelasius  
I'm from where soviet weapons still decide elections  
Military is like the mafia: you pay for protection  
kinda like sex toys, is what the country sells  
And rich white businessmen make the best clientele  
I'm from where they too pussy to come film Survivor

And they murder Coca-Cola union organizers  
I'm from where the justice system esta podrido  
Fuck government niggaz politic over perico  
Rebelde conocido, enterado vivo, como otro argentino desaparecido  
cause Rico laws don't apply to the CIA  
and mother fuckers make sneakers for a quarter a day  
I'm from where they overthrow democratic leaders  
not for the people but for the Wall Street Journal readers  
from where blacks, indigenous peoples and Asians were once  
slaves of the Caucasians and it's amazing how they trained them  
to be racist against themselves in a place they were raised in  
and you kept us caged in  
destroyed our culture and said that you civilized us  
raped our woman and when we were born you despised us  
gentrified us, agent provocateurs divide us  
and crucified every revolutionary messiah  
so I'ma start a global riot  
that not even your fake  
anti-communist dictators can keep quiet  
fuck your charity medicine, try to murder me  
the immunizations you gave us were full of mercury  
so now I see the Third World like the rap game soldier  
nationalize the industry and take it over!

*[Chorus]*

## "Hollywood Driveby"

(feat. PsychoRealm, Sick Symphonies)

### *[Immortal Technique]*

Somebody talk shit to me in L.A., would never live  
Cause brown rolls deeper than red or blue, ever did  
I got bullets that'll rip through yo' ribs  
More painful than watchin R. Kelly piss on yo' kids  
Here's the ultimatum motherfucker, give me the ASCAP  
Or give America Biggie and 2Pac flashbacks  
Some niggaz don't think the underground is grimy and dirty  
'til they find your body on a fuckin highway in Jersey  
I fire rockets at generic topics  
Your lyrics don't hold weight, like two-dimensional objects  
Cause jail culture didn't give you that fitted hat  
to memorize a ghostwritten shit verse and spit it back  
I won't let your wack rhymes redefine lyricism  
For a whole generation with they fathers in prison  
You live inside the image of an era that's gone  
Like government officials tryin to justify Vietnam  
I leave niggaz traumatized, like they momma died  
And they was responsible for the drive-by homicide  
And I don't market revolution, I live it  
What you think cause you fake everyone else is a gimmick?  
Jealous bickering, industry slaves, the nerve of you  
Like a child prostitute born into a life of servitude  
Until we murder you, makin the red carpet burgundy  
With PsychoRealm in the streets where I prefer to be

### *[Chorus: Immortal Technique]*

Hollywood drive-by, motherfuckin murder-fest  
Weed clouds in the air, that cause turbulence  
Revolucion, motherfucker you heard of it  
I light the spliff with the flag, while I'm burnin it  
Hollywood drive-by, sprayin the cucarachas  
War with the system like the streets of Oaxaca  
Yeah, revolucion, motherfucker you scared of it?  
Well it's comin to the industry now, so be prepared for it

### *[PsychoRealm]*

You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full-clip raps  
While most of these gangsta rappers are some full-fledged rats  
You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full *[scratches]*  
You're on some bull *{\*scratches\*}* you're on some bull *[scratches]*

You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full-clip raps  
While most of these gangsta rappers are some full-fledged rats  
The real G's stay strapped in full combat  
What you see in the videos is full-on acts  
The streets don't believe you homie  
Armageddon in the rap game is comin and we lead the army

Rock tear a tape out of yo' sounds  
Got hostages in pink, this is what they call hip-hop now?  
I keep that metro shit out of my whip  
Man that dummy rap is through makin money, it's about to extinct  
You know the radio tryin to kill rap with that shit  
The only thing dyin is the DJ's when the K spit  
We're here to CEO's, and blow up A&R's  
I'm takin your chips like crashing your game of cards  
This is how I eat holmes, I would give you buzz  
And take the life of these stars for this thing of ours

*[Chorus]*

*[Sick Symphonies]*

Yeah, uhh  
I'm from the city of falling stars, the home of banging hard  
Waiting for them at the Radio City Hall to snatch 'em out their fucking cars  
Expose 'em for what they are - NARCs, jakes, snake informants  
Feeding us horse shit, blaze up all of them  
They say hip-hop doesn't exist  
Rappers talking hard dressed up like punk rock kids  
Pumped up by some corporate endorsement, dead corpses are voiceless  
No one hears ya homie, ya little fame is over  
We'll send little homies foreclosure  
like bankers, cause you owe us the mortgage  
For exploiting the lifestyle that many died, jailed up in storage  
Leaving most of us hopeless, homies radio focused  
What we're building got 'em all afraid  
Give me the K, I'll be honored to ignite the flame  
that'll, burn down the game, what's fame? Keep it  
A movement, a sonic war, motherfucker you sleepin

*[Chorus]*



## "Watchout Remix"

*[Immortal Technique]*

You know back in the day, some of y'all  
Would shout out Allah's name like he was hostin yo' mixtape  
Then after 9/11 you got scared and shut the fuck up  
Didn't talk about the demonization of a culture, immigrants, nothin  
Now you show up, talk about we takin it too far  
Die slow! MOTHERFUCKER!

Yeah, 100 percent independent, I'm the fuckin boss  
I sold 80,000 off a quotable in The Source  
The hood is not stupid, we know the mathematics  
I made double what I would going gold on Atlantic  
Cause EMI, Sony BMG, Interscope  
would never sign a rapper with the White House in his scope  
They push pop music like a religion  
Anorexic celebrity driven financial fantasy fiction  
Contradiction cause the life we was given resembles life in prison  
Fed time with Manuel Noriega  
The real Noriega, who did America 100 favors  
with Contras, the Shah and the CIA  
Movin Escobar's coke through the M-I-A  
This is +The 3rd World+ speakin, through a dead man walkin  
And everybody talkin 'bout the South takin over  
It's true motherfucker, but it's comin over the border  
Fuck your chain, my people'll kill you for water  
Fuck fans nigga, I got soldier supporters  
that'll cut your throat if you strapped with a tape recorder  
That's right motherfucker, welcome to the New World Order  
Where the truth is always censored by corporate reporters  
The government, runs the drug politics on the corner  
That's why I never stress rappers and their employers  
I put a bag over his fuckin head and torture your lawyer  
Cause it's too simple to shoot ya - I'll taser the roof of  
your mouth and electrocute ya, I'll root you out with the Ruger  
The German Luger, U-boat, and the troops in the scuba  
Niggaz you can't overthrow me like the island of Cuba!  
Niggaz'll never find your body, like the bitch in Aruba  
And I maneuver through the state department and their friends  
With secret deals like the Nazis and IBM  
And now you know this ain't a trend or a fashion  
This is my life and my passion, FUCK tryin to cash in nigga!  
I need more than advancements and a rented mansion  
So while you little house niggaz is singin and dancin  
I'll kill you and take your land like an Israeli expansion  
{ "Invasion" }



## "Reverse Pimpology"

(feat. Mojo)

*[Immortal Technique]*

Hypocrites, hookers, sex offenders  
Y'all niggaz wanna be pimps and players?  
This ain't 1997 nigga

I'd rather be rich and unhappy than broke and miserable  
Cause the game don't give a FUCK if you lyrical  
And that's pitiful, so my position is pivotal  
You can hate me all you like but you worship the principle  
I inspire revolution, the government's not invincible  
Vietnam to Venezuela, trick knowledge, they pimpin you  
All up in the hood like McDonald's and liquor  
Selling AIDS medicine, when we know you got the cure nigga (woo!)  
You leery of conspiracy theory but hear me  
Throw a business perspective, it makes more sense clearly  
Cause moreover, that's what we go to war over  
And numbers don't lie unless we do Bush and Gore over  
Free markets make money disingenuously  
But I invest in agriculture, biochemistry  
Smart nigga from the hood, pussy, what type of crime is that?  
But exec's are like, "You from Harlem? Where your diamonds at?"  
Stupid

*[Mojo]*

Can't dodge the game  
If you lookin for the money or the fame (oh-ohh)  
The players and the rules ain't changed (oh no)  
But see we tryin to leave a name  
So we're turnin out

*[Immortal Technique]*

Yeah, this is how pimps get pimped and players get played  
Rich people get robbed and, broke niggaz paid  
New York, London, Chicago, Philly and L.A.  
Miami, D.C., B-more and out in the Bay

*[Mojo]*

We're tearin it out of the frame  
See we deserve to stake that claim  
If we didn't it's a cryin shame  
What we're concerned about is how to turn it out

*[Immortal Technique]*

Show me a pretty girl, with the world stuck to her  
And I bet you there's a brother that's tired of fuckin her  
Lots of niggaz girls is someone else's one night stand  
I probably made some bitches nervous listenin with they man (ha ha)  
And if that offends somebody, I'm sorry, fuck you!

What you think, revolutionaries don't like to fuck too?  
You just gotta beware of dangerous coochie  
Cover ya head like a kufi, some rappers think that they live in a movie  
Until they get herpes or clap from a groupie  
And I don't need to shout you out, nigga you know who you be  
Look, most people are only players cause they got played  
And have not, let go of that, shit since the 7th grade  
Yeah you got your heart broke, life sucks, doesn't it?  
But you shouldn't fuck up someone else's life because of it  
Someone did your mother like that, that's why you fatherless  
Before jail or racist cops, that's what the problem is

*[Mojo]*

Recognize the game  
See who's the one to place that blame  
We gettin trapped in a cycle of pain  
With a generation headed down the drain  
Time we turn it out

*[Immortal Technique]*

This is how pimps get pimped and players get played  
Beautiful women get, cheated on and gangstas sprayed  
Jersey, Detroit, Denver, Phoenix, Atlanta  
Texas, Vegas, Seattle and fuckin Louisiana

*[Mojo]*

Regardless of money you payin  
Just spendin, hold a watch and a chain  
But can't offer your children a thang  
What the hell is goin on in your brain?  
We gon' turn it out

*[Immortal Technique]*

Yeah, I'm not a crack rapper, I'm not a backpacker (ha ha ha)  
I'm not a wack rapper, moonlighting as a bad actor  
I treat labels like the projects, cause I'm a hater (what!)  
Go to the Sony building and piss in the elevator  
Cater to hustlers, crooks and cheap smugglers  
Bootleg my own album, to reach customers (yeah)  
Every city, state and country, the hood love me  
Even Aborigines, in Australia bump me  
They say underground fans are all the color of talcum  
But who the fuck you think buy 50 and Jay albums?  
Who the fuck you think made Snoop and Dre platinum?  
Call up any major record label and ask 'em  
But there's some, devils in disguise in hip-hop  
that belong at Republican fundraisers with Kid Rock (bitch!)  
I hope one of my fans has one of your kids shot  
And blames it on Acid, Prozac and Slipknot  
You a pussy actin hard like a bitch cop  
I'll drop you to the floor like a reverse wristlock  
Eat your food and shit on you, like a highway pit stop  
And make, revolutionaries out of kids that used to flip rocks

The government, pimped 9/11 to go to Iraq  
And history, repeats itself right on track (how?)  
First as a tragedy, and then the comedy begins (why?)  
Cause it's funny, motherfuckers don't see it come around again

*[Mojo (I.T.)]*

Where, can we be free? (FUCK we gon' be free man?)  
We only wanna live our lives  
Live our lives, with our eyes open  
Open your eyes – open your eyes  
You stupid motherfuckers - you stupid motherfuckers  
Open your eyes, before you die

## "Payback"

(feat. Diabolic, Ras Kass)

*[Diabolic]*

These fuckin snakes man  
Fuckin up our lives  
I'll take a piss in your oil fields  
I want some motherfuckin payback so, yo

I wanna run for president, and the focal point when I'm campaigning  
Is to put FEMA to work on a plantation at Camp David  
Demand payment for New Orleans with the best of swordsmen  
Launching missiles at the White House while Tech's performing  
On the lawn and I just let 'em burn till death's confirmed  
Laid to rest with worms cause otherwise they'll never learn  
I'll form a cruel intent, put anthrax through the vents  
From out a package I got in the mail that you just sent  
But I got a better punishment for these Republicans  
I'd let 'em live so they can see us overthrow the government  
Let's fuck with them, have the first lady beat me off  
Till my semen's launched, then I skeet across her face like Peter North  
And I won't leave a doubt what we about when I cream her mouth  
Or leave her trout bleeding out on Condoleezza's couch  
I'll seek this route without regrets, and drink a brew then think of you  
Cause if it's the last fuckin thing I do I'll...

*[Ras Kass]*

Yeah, Immortal Technique, Rassy  
Nigga, I never forget nothing nigga

Fifty-one percent of the World Bank is owned by the US treasury  
Robbing third world countries out all they resources and equity  
When Afghanistan was fighting the Russians  
Reagan and Bush gave Bin Laden weapons and told him get to bussin  
We even called 'em freedom fighters  
Financed the cost with CIA imported cocaine  
That whole Iran Contra Scandal, niggas took the blame  
Started a war on drugs  
Meanwhile Russia's defeated, America thinks more oil for us  
Take over, set up a public government, Arabs ain't bearing it  
So the same freedom fighters, George W. call 'em terrorists  
Poetic justice, payback's a bitch, these fuckin hypocrites  
Like Bill O'Reilly, right-wingers deserve what they get  
Rush Limbaugh, drug addict, Giuliani, sex scandal  
I wanna thank white supremacists then show you how my tech's handled  
My neck's nano-technologically designed  
It spits SARS to all you stupid ass execs that capital resigned

I am vindictive, faggots!

*[Immortal Technique]*

Huh, hahaha  
Yeah I got something for you motherfuckers haha  
You want it? HERE YOU GO!

The first payback that I would accomplish  
I'd draft children from the senate and congress  
Pompous religious right made suicidal  
When I exposed Joe Cephas for ghost writing the Bible  
Making nuclear silos, bomb the world with hydro  
Chinese dragon sized blunts in Maracaibo  
Huh, and everyone flashing a gun on a DVD  
I'd make them niggas shoot it out with NYPD  
And every fucker that didn't buy my CD  
I'd stab the revolution in their neck with an IV  
See me, own the world, I'd give it back to the poor  
I'd give a last name to every single son of a whore  
Hard to the core, fuck with the gay list  
Niggas pop on they block but they globally nameless  
I'd show the hood real gangsters and make 'em famous  
Langley Virginia, where my connect for cocaine is  
I'd make everybody fuckin have the world darkening  
I make rap-about lyrics, not beats and marketing  
Replace every raped virgin's broken hymen  
Holding De Beers reclining, while they choke on they diamonds  
My designing's like Francis Ford Coppola rhyming  
Building a universe inside solitary confinement  
I'd reverse Rockefeller laws and bring Mumia home  
And serve the President freestyling offa the dome

A message to the outgoing president  
Hey I got a great idea nigga... Kill yourself  
Hahaha, you know it's so funny, I thought about it the other day  
You should probably kill yourself  
Ah why don't you kill yourself?  
Hahahahahah, kill yourself

## "Stronghold Grip"

(feat. Poison Pen, Swave Sevah)

*[ad libs for first 22 seconds]*

*[Immortal Technique]*

Immortal Technique, Poison Pen  
Swave Sevah motherfucker (get 'em right now!)

I leave government spies and murderers  
wrapped in plastic like Dominican furniture  
I put the iron in you, like the center of Earth's curvature  
And make your block turn into the, border of Serbia  
My flow's dirtier than juiced-up players in baseball  
And beat you in the head like a sock with an 8-ball  
You got Stockholm Syndrome, and that's why I hate y'all  
Cause you be biggin up the industry while they rape y'all

*[Poison Pen]*

Yeah, I spaz out (spaz out) and beat the shit out niggaz  
You fag out (fag out) and beat the jizz out niggaz  
Gloves (check) ski mask (check) duct tape (check)  
Get a ducat and lost and recovered and break neck  
Bed-Stuy, BestBuy, clique and rush the {?}   
Rip up the pavement, throw the whole block on you  
Pop up, you gotta get it  
Like Ricky in "Boyz N the Hood," stoppin to scratch a lotto ticket

*[Swave Sevah]*

Yo, I feel the sudden surge given me the urge to speak (yo what up?)  
Scream somethin that's absurd and disturb the peace (fuck y'all!)  
Quick to throw a hot verse to beats  
You see the music I'm a prisoner, hip-hop is my work release  
I'm not the same Swave you knew, I'm a whole new person  
More assertive and aggressive, my attitude worsened  
I raise hell on this earth  
Your rap is over, you Casanova's gon' end up like Gerald Levert, bitch!

*[Chorus: Immortal Technique, Poison Pen, Swave Sevah]*

*[I.T.]* Stronghold tighten the grip, on the underground  
*[P.P.]* I fight back-to-back holdin my brothers down  
*[S.S.]* You done started, with the wrong motherfucker now  
*[I.T.]* Married to the cause and we loyal, we don't fuck around  
*[P.P.]* Stronghold overthrow the whole fuckin underground  
*[I.T.]* Secretly run, by commercial motherfuckers now  
*[S.S.]* So while you little step-and-fetch niggaz run around  
*[all]* Controlled demolition, we bringin the structure down!

*[Immortal Technique]*

Immortal Technique nigga, I'm the type to flip  
Cause me and my dogs fight to the death like Michael Vick's



And I don't hit women so I'm not gonna mangle your wiz  
A prostitute with an AIDS race'll handle the biz

*[Poison Pen]*

Hit the block with a pen and glock, a ox and rocks, a devil spray  
If that's a K, play yo' punk-ass infected with leprosy  
Leave you half-murdered beyond, recognition beat and indecent  
Leave you with your plastic surgeon for a remix

*[Swave Sevah]*

Yo, aiyyo I'm hard-bodied with it  
And these scars, contusions, concussions, fractures  
and pains you suffer from; I probably did it  
You ain't worth spit, I put a hit out on your mother  
Then fuck up you and your four brothers

*[Immortal Technique]*

You play Scarface when a microphone's in the room  
But you more like Pacino in "Dog Day Afternoon"

*[Poison Pen]*

ASCAP clappin 'em, all this rap traps  
Snatch that diamonds off your neck, worth 50 dead Africans

*[Swave Sevah]*

Yo, this dude is truly a joke  
That stuff got you feelin tough, must be sniffin +Peruvian Coke+

*[I.T.]* We spit Cold War syndrome, it shatters the bones  
*[P.P.]* Spray my dependance on your bitch face when it splatters you on  
*[S.S.]* Thrown in submission holds and choked 'til you tap out  
*[I.T.]* And shut down your party like Whitney Houston's crackhouse  
*[P.P.]* Stronghold, live and direct up in your set  
*[S.S.]* The habitual line steppers - Swave, Pen and Tech

*[Chorus]*

*[ad libs to the end]*

## "Mistakes"

(Yes I did... I made a mistake... yes I did)

Huh..ya know living this type a life  
makes you grow up faster than you'd expect to sometimes...  
fuck around and be in your late twenties...  
feelin like a old man and shit...  
yeah for real son... let em know

It's hard to breath and hard to run when your lung's blackened  
Coughing up blood like what the fuck happened  
Raising my risk of cancer's the answer homie  
But after drinking something there's nothing like puffing a bogie  
Now I can blame the same product placement in movies,  
Or the commercials, or Scarface in a jacuzzi  
But now I'm living it  
Damn I should a never took that first cigarette

(I made a mistake)

I fucked up, like your girl was riding on top of me  
I should of took her to trial and never copped a plea  
But this ain't a Christian nation motherfucka please  
America never taught me to turn the other cheek  
Cause I'm from Harlem, the north of Manhattan  
We knock niggas out and make em bounce like Ricky Hatton  
But wildin on the corner got me turned back from the Canadian border

(I made a mistake)

I knew she was a virgin, when I first met her  
Rockin stockings and poppin out of the catholic school sweater  
Mom told her she could do better than a criminal  
Seventeen year-old psychotic, trying to be lyrical  
I never meant to break her heart or fuck up her life  
But I was careless, instead of treating her right  
I seen her again at some club strippin and wondered  
If I could have made her life different

(I made a mistake... yes I did...)

*[Tech talking over the beat:]*

Damn shortie, you got me on some singin the blues shit...  
but you gotta stop looking backwards and remember to look ahead...  
this is for all my dudes on patrol in the desert right now... for real

(I made a mistake)

Yeah..yeah... I joined the army looking for money to go to college  
But they ain't pay me a quarter of what they fucking promised

Extended my tour, treating me like a sucker  
That's the reason officers get fragged motherfucker  
Don't give me speeches on how you respect and you love me  
But no body armor in a lightly armored humvee?!  
My family's lonely and you want me to reenlist for 30 grand homie?

(I made a mistake)

When I was young I got signed to a record label  
The deal looked so good when it was on the table  
It paid for my cable, cribs, cars and jewelry  
The studios, the women there's nothing they wouldn't do for me  
Except stop screwing me for publishing and royalties  
How the fuck are you my dawg, when there's no loyalty?  
Word to the street  
I should've gone independent like Immortal Technique

(I made a mistake)

Some people learn from mistakes and don't repeat them  
Others try to block the memories and just delete them  
But I keep em as a reminder they not killing me  
And I thank God for teaching me humility  
Son, remember when you fight to be free  
To see things how they are and not how you like em to be  
Cause even when the world is falling on top of me  
Pessimism is an emotion, not a philosophy  
Knowing what's wrong doesn't imply that you right  
And its another, when you suffer to apply it in life  
But I'm no rookie  
And I'm never gonna make the same mistake twice pussy

**"Parole (Evil Genius Mix)"**

*[Intro: Immortal Technique (parole officer)]*

(980505A) Yeah nigga what  
(You made parole) What?  
(Pack your stuff) The fuck?  
(And get the fuck out of here) A-haha  
Aiiyo man, it's about motherfuckin time man  
Aiiyo G, aiiyo G son, I got my papers man  
I'm out this motherfucker!

*[Immortal Technique]*

Yeah, I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again  
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again  
Don't work for the government coke packagin  
Don't fire indiscriminate, with the mac again  
My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin  
They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican  
Second chance, faith based, two-faced Samaritans  
Every time we come back, they... *[record rewinds]*  
I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again  
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again  
I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again  
I'm out of, I'm out of (I'm out this motherfucker!)

Yeah, I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again  
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again  
Don't work for the government coke packagin  
Don't fire indiscriminate, with the mac again  
My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin  
They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican  
Second chance, faith based, two-faced Samaritans  
Every time we come back, they keep on cashin in  
Prison labor, third-world sweatshop comparisons  
'til we kidnap the whole fuckin garrison  
Yeah, poverty, makes people do, reckless things  
But corporations do worse to protect they bling  
Prisons are more, overcrowded than the rap game  
They say you more likely to go to jail with a black name  
Freakonomics that I speak through ebonics  
and fuck Phonics, little niggaz is (Hooked On) chronic  
But if you on stage with the DEA, as your hype man  
Don't get yourself locked up, and blame the white man  
We transformed gangs and criminal enterprises  
Usin O.G.'s as advisors  
Before they, send us to war, after they divide us  
But I won't let 'em use us like Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders  
My movement's like a jujitsu kata  
I graduated outta prison, so FUCK my alma mater nigga

*[Interlude: Immortal Technique (woman)]*

(Hello?) Yeah yeah, what's up yo?  
(Hey, how you doin?) Yo, you know what?  
I just got my papers (you're fuckin lying!)  
Yo I'm comin home to you, I'll see you in like a day and a half  
([screams] Oh my God, I'm so happy! Are you serious?)  
([screams] I'm so happy! Are you fuckin serious?)  
Yeah, I'm dead serious baby, I'm comin home (oh my God!)  
Put the little blue thing on for me, aight?  
(You got that baby, yeah!)

*[Immortal Technique]*

I'm on parole, and I'll never be alone again  
Fuck this place baby, I'm comin home again  
Shorty wrapped around me so I'll, never be cold again  
Never have to knock a nigga out, for the phone again  
Prison ain't the place that you find your rite of passage in  
It's slavery, with nasty food in your abdomen  
Middle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack 'em in  
Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than saccharin  
Jailhouse snitches without corroborating evidence  
Niggaz sellin niggaz out for true to be, Benjamins  
But now I'm free, hit the block, eatin Entenmann's  
Benihana in and out, flow to eat to enter in  
Newspaper pencillin, tryin to pay the rent again  
Ex-con job interview, nobody answerin  
Feelin violent from the frustation I got pent up in  
But not tryin to go back to the place, I was sent up in  
Turn my own life around, fuck the establishment  
Listenin to hip-hop like "Where the fuck the talent went?"  
How the fuck did you replace, lyrics with your swaggerin?  
I'ma fix that, rhymin on with the mag-a-num  
I roll up in a caravan, full of North Africans  
My squad got, more soldier niggaz than the Saracens  
Cause just watch (watch!) when the terrorists attack again  
Their reaction's gonna be draft 'em and send us back again

*[scratches]*

I'm on parole, and I'll never be alone again  
Fuck this place baby, I'm comin home again  
Shorty wrapped around me so I'll, never be cold again  
Never have to knock a nigga out, for the phone again  
Prison ain't the place that you find your rite of passage in  
It's slavery, with nasty food in your abdomen  
Middle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack 'em in  
Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than saccharin  
I'm on parole

## **"Crimes Of The Heart"**

Yea I turned 21 in prison locked up at night  
Now I walk around free seems like another life  
Another roll with some other dice  
Another ho or a loving wife  
People come and go some really you never know  
Intellectual midgets that really never grow  
Fake love that holds on like "can I hold you though?"  
And old friends will look at you like "yo, yea I told you so"  
A toast to the broken hearted  
Who never finished what they fucking started  
People who go out and try to be a rebel at night  
Try to make up for the fact that they settled in life  
It's like a fight between the devil and Christ over the limelight  
Spiritual celebrity poker  
But the whole deck is full of jokers  
And every year that you get older  
The stakes get higher  
Gambling with a bunch of fakes and liars  
Real talk 'cause the real New York  
Is the pain and the suffering of lost love  
Staring off into the distance in the midst of the club  
Depression and emptiness that lead to suicide  
And the struggle inside of yourself that keeps you alive  
Survived and medicated stalked by sobriety  
The life that you live now tortured by memories violently  
I pray inside of me that one day you could be forgiven  
For murdering the beautiful world we used to live in

Crimes of the heart  
Crimes of the heart

Love... doesn't need a complicated metaphor  
And sometimes nothing needs to be said at all  
Sometimes a person you're with is not your one and only  
And you just fuck with them because you afraid to be lonely  
And when you come back its too late  
So you overcompensate  
Like victims of rape  
Full of self hate  
Lost in the affection to strangers around you  
Instead of the only person that ever gave a fuck about you  
Thought you were happy so you didn't come check me  
But then when he cheated or treated you incorrectly  
You conveniently realized you could never forget me  
And tried to crawl back in my life unexpectedly  
These are my indictments  
Of those who claim to be righteous  
And leave a trail of broken hearts on their way to enlightenment  
But I cant give into hatred or pass judgment

Even towards every illusion I've been in love with  
'cause the heart that betrays itself willingly  
Is like a nation that trades freedom for stability  
Its so seductive to be cold and corrupted  
And isolated and try to be an independent republic  
But liberty to be loved on the surface is worthless  
The sacrifice of revolution with no purpose  
Take it from a criminal searching for his redemption  
Cursing at God desperately trying to get his attention

Crimes of the heart  
Crimes of the heart  
Looking for the shining light  
Who's it gonna be? Who'll walk the line with me tonight?  
Round we go (won't cross?) climbing through the endless night  
Who's it gonna be? Who'll walk the line with me this time?  
(me this time oooh oooh oooh)  
Climbing through the endless night (endless night, endless night)

## "Rebel Arms"

(feat. Da Circle, J. Arch)

*[Intro: DJ Green Lantern]*

What you thought it was over?!

Shit ain't over 'til we say it's over motherfucker

Aiyyo Tech, what you think about the rap game right about now?

"It's all bullshit, you know that, I know that!

Hey, come along with me man, we'll have a budget, huh?

We'll have some clout.."

"I didn't get into this for that!"

"Well that's all there is!"

"Well if that's all there is I've been wastin my motherfuckin time wit'chu

I can get more clout and more money on the STREET

than I can get followin your ass..."

*[Immortal Technique]*

(Rebel arms!) Yeah... yeah, uhh, yeah

The game is polluted with rappers that are really snitches

And most DJ's are nothin but, industry bitches

And we don't got, no mansion or riches

But we got guns and knives and your children's pictures

And everybody loses in war, but you lose more

What you think we brought back the Panthers, and the Zulu for?

Immortal witchdoctor made himself a voodoo doll

for every motherfucker that fronted that I can recall

Fuck the industry, don't call me, you can't get with me

I'll leave niggaz hangin like Mississippi

RBG to the last drop of blood in my body

Or the Feds drag me away, like a tsunami

But I'll be back, like a fresh bodybag from Iraq

Like a Baltimore slum, during the resurgence of crack

Brown and black, like the A.K. I keep in the strap

While we waitin on the next stock market collapse!

*[Da Circle]*

It's territorial, oratory editorial

Fuck around I'll be the cause of your life's memorial

I write rap's territorial, East Coast border zoo

Never crossin waters 'til I will coastally slaughter you

I'm better than all of you, vendetta's be mauling you

You're talkin cheddar, I'm a shreddar, I'll sever it off of you

I'll never remorse for you, no letters endorsin you

Pole position in the coffin is what it's, costin you

The cockiest bosses who control the fortunes too

The mortgage is of a cultural losses, through and through

(But it's the rebel arms!) Godspeed with devil's charms

The bitch-made gets switchblades in every arm

And this way we ix-nay on any harm

Cause next play and fakes lay like hidden bombs



We marching units in, the soul is true within  
Eternal missions with church, a lifetime to do it in

Stronghold said it, whoop yo' bitch-ass with batons  
The rebel arms swarm and form like Voltron  
Slash your own beast, you heard (Mark of the East)  
Runnin through cop lands screamin "Fuck the police!"  
Hormones in the water (water) they actin out of order  
Like a pack of rabid wolves, they lambs for the slaughter  
Crush your man to bull, rip the drums like Animal  
Eat 'em seeds, save my own kind, I'm a cannibal  
My regimen salute me, haters wanna shoot me  
Kool-Aid in their veins, they'll always try to sue me  
You sell crack and rap, did a scared bid  
Multiple baby mamas, take care of yo' kids

Guillotine rap, shackles on your neck  
Chemical warfare where punchlines connect  
Da Circle play the snipers, with Immortal Tech'  
They called the block govenor to drag him of the set!

*[J. Arch]*

Rebel arms out for supremacy and move non-gimmicky  
Related to royalty on each trip you mention me  
Twist bars illest-ly, rebel against the infantry  
Get more than yo' feet wet when I make you a memory  
Cats not ready because they commercially industry  
I make house calls to those afraid to visit me  
Disrespect, I'll smash off the petty  
from undisclosed locates, move fast for their cheddy  
Arch don't breakdance, yet I (Rock Steady)  
I jump on your scope to prove your aim not deadly  
My shot to the top is like Mikki and Mal' smelly  
Flow milky like the tits of a chick, that's top heavy  
The (Technique's Immortal) so Rebel Arm's the regiment  
Arch status nicer than, other rappers ever been  
My cantine's full from when the doc don't got medicine  
Five-star general, frontline veteran

*[Outro: DJ Green Lantern]*

Invasion baby!  
Shit ain't a fuckin game that we playin  
Immortal Technique...  
Oh yeah, don't forget  
"Revolutionary Vol. 3" comin soon  
You're not worthy, you sons-of-bitches!

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Burn This"

This is Immortal Technique  
Harlem, New York  
All over the world  
And this is The Martyr  
If you are listening to this  
It is your responsibility  
To burn this for every single motherfucker you know

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The Martyr"

*['Elizabeth' Movie intro]*

I'm content to die for my beliefs  
So cut off my head and make me a Martyr  
The people will always remember it  
"No. They will forget"

A man who walks with God, can walk anywhere  
Hence.. I fear nothing

*[Immortal Technique - Verse 1]*

The point of guerilla war, is not to succeed  
It's always been just to make the enemy bleed  
Deprivin' the soldiers of the peace of mind that they need  
Bullets are hard to telegraph when they bob and they weave  
The only way a Guerilla War can ever be over  
Is when the occupation, can't afford more soldiers  
Until they have to draft the last of you into the service  
And you refuse cause you don't see the purpose  
The only way to counter the insurgents that are well-equipped  
Is to paint the people fighting for freedom as terrorists  
Then find a faction lookin' for foreign investments  
You stall them with power and murder any objections  
You can't stop a revolution from breathin'  
So to beat 'em they offer people the illusion of freedom  
But when you're done dreamin' and wake up, tortured for treason  
Then you can see them, hidin' behind the God they believe in

*[Chorus]*

Deep in the trenches in the heart of a war  
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)  
During the night before the start of the dawn  
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)  
When the gunshots are rainin' in the heart of a storm  
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)  
Guerilla war when the army is gone  
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)

*[Verse 2]*

The purpose of life is a life with a purpose  
So I'd rather die for a cause than live a life that is worthless  
I don't need the circus or the day of national observance  
I need you to think for you and stop being a servant  
Pawns only move a square in the game that they're used in  
And realise it too late, like the shootin' of Huey Newton  
Or Patrice Lumumba and Salvador Allende  
Slaughter by the power hungry branches of their own gente  
Ghandi wasn't killed by Pakistani nationals  
He was assassinated by a Hindu radical

And Che Guevara, rebel to a U.S. continent  
Was sold to the C.I.A. by Bolivian communists  
Wasn't Yitzhak Rabin murdered by a Zionist  
And Anwar Sadat a victim of the same violence?  
Malcolm X was seen as a threat to the F.B.I.  
But to blast 'em they used Muslims from the N.O.I.  
Even the 35th President of the Republic  
Was murdered by factions of his own government  
So now that it's proven, that a soldier of Revolution  
Or head of an empire, disguised in a Constitution  
Can not escape the retribution or manipulation  
Of the self-appointed rulers of the planets corporations  
So Imma need every generation to put your hands up  
Cause you can only get 'em off your back when you stand up!

*[Chorus]*

Deep in the trenches in the heart of a war  
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)  
During the night before the start of the dawn  
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)  
When the gunshots are rainin' in the heart of a storm  
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)  
Guerilla war when the army is gone  
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Angels & Demons"

(feat. Dead Prez, Bazaar Royale)

*[Intro:]*

"What do you see when you're in the dark and the demons come?"  
"I see you. I see you standing over the grave of another dead president"

*[Hook: Bazaar Royale]*

I see angels above me  
Demons below me  
Fighting over heaven, heaven, heaven  
It's real

*[Verse 1: stic.man]*

America's nightmare; young, black, and just don't give a fuck  
Run up in the courtroom and wet 'em up  
Got nothing to lose but my handcuffs  
Every man must choose to lay down or stand up  
It's war time, everything is fair, no fear  
When they say the homie murdered the judge, I don't care  
Fuck 'em, he deserved it, long as the homie get away  
And don't get caught for the crime, I encourage it  
We rootin' for the villain in black  
Pourin' out Absolut, salute, niggas is shootin' back  
In self defense we bang the pistol like  
Larry Davis or Brian Nichols  
Every pig, every public official, the boomerang  
Is coming back to get you, you reap what you sow  
The system you created created a monster  
And now you scared cause it's coming back to haunt you

*[Hook x2]*

*[Verse 2: M-1]*

Since we gonna take the blame, I'm a rep my name to get my aim right  
Let's have an overthrow and after party in the same night  
Same height as Huey, same muscle build as Malcolm  
With the same circumstances in the hood, you know the outcome  
And read it in the news about your sergeant and your captain  
Don't take this as a warning, just another nigga rappin'  
Fuck the way we organizing, fuck the training and the grapplin'  
And fuck them Uncle Toms who call police because we smack them  
And fuck you sympathizers with your middle class reactions  
Cause we bangin' on the system, G'd up, fuck the factions  
And if you didn't know, the G was for George Jackson  
And long live his warrior spirit packin' the Magnum  
Watching over the soldiers, knowin' niggas be blackin'  
When we really need to be disciplined in our ways and actions  
When we get some freedom you niggas can start braggin'  
Till then, inside the blood of my eye, you see the dragon

*[Hook x2]*

*[Verse 3: Immortal Technique]*

I'm like the birth of baby Mohammed, the movement I started  
Can spar with the hardest, the martyr regarded as Spartacus-hearted  
It doesn't matter whose missiles can shoot the farthest  
When you're a target in an Afghan Tutoberg Forest  
Close quarters combat over corrupted elections  
Bilderberg is like cancer, it grows an infection  
Nepotism is the gold and the conductor's connection  
And ignorance is the prison that the people are kept in  
The military ain't there for the people's protection  
They're just there to protect an investment  
That's why people get arrested, electrocuted, molested  
Connected streets are infested with those tired of protestin'  
Traumatized children grow to guerilla garrisons  
9/11 generations pale in comparison  
And you will learn a lesson repeated through history  
That no matter what you think, occupation is not victory

*[Outro: Immortal Technique]*

Somalia, Kashmir  
Nigeria, Palestine  
Iraq, bring it back

*[Hook x2]*

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Rich Man's World (1%)"

*[Arthur Jensen:]*

"You get up and howl about America and democracy. There is no America. There is no democracy. We no longer  
live in a world of nations and ideologies  
The world is a college of corporations inexorably determined by the immutable bylaws of business  
The world is a business  
And I have chosen you to preach this evangel."

*[Immortal Technique:]*

For all my free-market, healthcare-robbing, stock-stealing, retirement-fund-fucking-with niggas  
Fuck your little credit-card scamming, jewelry-stealing, crack-selling, liquor-store-robbing motherfuckers  
(It's a rich man's world)

Shout to the homies, Carnegie, OG, Willie Randolph Hearst, Farouk, Rockefeller, the real Rockefeller, my main  
bitch Leona  
Pour out a little Louis the Thirteenth, Scott Rothstein, Jack Abramoff, hold ya head, my Rothschild niggas  
Let's get this money

I spend my day repping America overseas  
Pensions for the workers? Nigga please  
Embezzlement etiquette private settlement  
I'm better with confederate rhetoric from my mansion in Connecticut  
Foreclose and evict homes at the tenement  
I twist words like a speech impediment  
I hope you got good credit bitch

If not better get a new job with benefits  
While I play golf with niggas I get cheddar with  
New money buys brand new karats  
My old money bought your great grandparents

You got grills in ya mouth I ain't mad at ya  
I own every gold mine in South Africa  
Thanks baby you made me a billion  
Plus I own a building for each one of my children's children

That's the shit  
Snort coke in the whip miss USA sucking my dick  
Yea what  
Fuck the law 'cause real jail is for suckers  
I go to country club prison you dumb mother fuckers  
(I am the 1% fucking bitch)

You know my CEO corporate steeze please  
Overthrow governments overseas in a breeze  
Politicians in my pockets for a few hundred Gs  
So if I'm ever in court my assets'll never freeze

I got a job and house and a bank account

When I'm out I doubt that's something you could say  
And if not then I fake death like Kenneth Lay  
Make money every day the world burns on its axis  
While y'all struggling to pay taxes  
I'm getting my money the fastest  
Memos and faxes shredded-up documents  
Slush funds through the corrupt continents

But they don't want me indicted  
'Cause they don't want my dirty laundry aired when I fight it  
Don't get my lawyers excited  
'Cause what good is a law if you can't rewrite it

I got CIA traders, dictators  
So fuck y'all whistle blowers and haters  
(It's a rich man's world)  
Shit

I'll invest money from Al Qaeda  
In the bank 911 widows go to later  
Capitalism's who I pray to  
Fuck the state of the world  
Money talks so what the fuck I need to say to ya girl  
(I don't pay em to fuck, I pay em to leave)

You know my CEO corporate steeze greed  
I'll treat countries like the IMF down on your knees  
Real gangsters run the world fuck what you believe  
I'll cut down the forest while y'all niggas burning some trees

I'll get your family murdered for a couple of Gs  
'Cause your working-class money ain't fucking with me  
You think rappers are rich 'cause of songs you heard?  
My labels make the money and haven't rapped a fucking word

Yacht in the ocean coastin' with the sails out  
Hey America thanks for the bailouts  
I made off at the Banco Ambrosiano  
Got away scott free like el Vaticano

Activists act a bitch get mad at me  
'Cause I'm a tax free charity  
80% to the staff and company  
And 20% to the homeless and hungry

The country gotta pay the fed reserve  
Kick back to the banksters haven't you learned  
You protest cops who patrols on the street  
But I bought city hall so I own the police

Email, Facebook and the shit you tweet  
Own the phone companies so I heard you speaking  
My suggestion is no correction no elections, sex with no affection



No invention would benefit the world of man  
Will exist 'til I got the money in my hand  
World bank, interest rate damn rape on the spot  
But I'm a gangster you gon' take my money like it or not, nigga  
(I got your country in my pocket, motherfucker!)

You know my CEO masonic steeze cheese  
Only little people pay all these taxes and fees  
Since you were born we controlled what you watch and you read  
And pretty soon we're gonna own the fucking air that you breathe

I take what I want fucker I don't have to say please  
I'll convince you that it's good for you, take it and leave  
You think presidents are the face of a nation  
I put em all where they are, end of the conversation

Thanks to Luke Lopez, Victor Trujillo, Mathieu, kevin, ProphecyKiller for correcting these lyrics.

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Toast To The Dead"

*[Chorus]*

Rest in Peace

Here's another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest

Mothafucka, say yo' prayers!

For brothers who died from black-on-black violence

Rest in Peace

You ain't payin' respect when you' 'spose to

Rep this life to the fullest

Rest in Peace

This ain't for y'all, this' a toast to them

Rest in Peace

*[Immortal Technique - Verse 1]*

Here's a toast to the dead

If you don't drink, smoke to the head

For the freedom fighters killed by the feds

For those who died hard in the streets soaking in red

And died slow asleep in a dream choking in bed

Here's a toast to the dead for my enemies that are gone

I'm not a coward so, celebrating that would be wrong

I pray to God that your soul will come back again

So I can see you in the next life and finish it then

A toast to the dead for criminals, burning in hell

I wonder how many presidents are burning as well

Emperors, Popes, Senators, Generals

Amputees feelin' unlucky until they see the vegetables

A toast to the dead for those who I've forgotten

Written out of the history by the corrupted and rotten

Black saints whitewashed during La Reconquista

Thousands of Indios Spaniards used to conquer the Incas

F-ck a moment of silence! I need a moment of violence!

Like the nineteenth century Caribbean Islands

Long live those who came before, that paved the way for me

The warriors and scientists that came before slavery

And if that last lyric was predictable

Take your clairvoyance and apply it to your life in the physical

Presumptuous half-hearted homunculus

Self-destruction is the power without knowing what the function is

*[Chorus]*

Rest in Peace

Here's another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest

Rest in Peace

Mothafucka, say yo' prayers!

For brothers who died from black-on-black violence

Rest in Peace

You ain't payin' respect when you' 'spose to

Rep this life to the fullest

Rest in Peace  
This ain't for y'all, this' a toast to them  
Rest in Peace

*[Immortal Technique - Verse 2]*

Here's a toast to the dead, for all of my fam  
I will never let an idea die with a man  
My rhymes are like Nazca lines designed to give a view-of-this  
J.Dilla's still alive as long as his music is  
A toast to the dead for rap legends and pioneers  
Your legacy won't be forsaken as long as I am here  
Knowledge of the past and, wisdom of the present  
I'll teach and leave in the hands of a worthy lieutenant  
A toast to the dead, for children with cancer and aids  
A cure exists and you probably, could have been saved  
Sad to see, medicine divorce morality  
Corporate homewreckers, pimpin' up a salary  
A toast to the dead, for those that've died today  
The victims and those exonerated by DNA  
The only thing worse than giving freedom to the guilty  
Is killing the innocent, and leavin' your soul filthy  
Immortal Technique, remember me when I'm gone  
I encrypted my lyrics to stay alive in a song  
So you'll always keep a piece, of my spirit inside  
When you struggle to complete what I started before I died  
But some of you, won't survive the changes the earth makes  
Swallowed by tsunamis, hurricanes and earthquakes  
And that's just the first stage of 'you-can-not-reverse-ways'  
And realise that we are one, regardless of our birthplace

*[Chorus]*

Here's another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest  
Rest in Peace  
Mothafucka, say yo' prayers!  
For brothers who died from black-on-black violence  
Rest in Peace  
You ain't payin' respect when you' 'spose to  
Rep this life to the fullest  
Rest in Peace  
This ain't for y'all, this' a toast to them  
Rest in Peace

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Eyes In The Sky"

(feat. Mojo of Dujeous)

*[Chorus:]*

I am the eye in the sky looking at you I can read your mind  
I am the maker of rules dealing with fools, I can cheat you blind

*[Verse 1: Immortal Technique]*

Yeah, my truth is the Ark of the Covenant buried in Ethiopia  
Watch when you fuckin' with a Minneapolis Somalian  
When I go home the world I used to know is gone and I will live on my own  
For what shall it profit a rapper with creative control to sign a deal with the devil and lose his soul?  
My still born first expression is cold  
Like the faces of slave masters on the paper I fold  
Subliminal racial supremacy chokin' me quick like the bedtime stories of Joseph Smith  
Lynch mob gunnin' for me trynna murder my seeds  
Shorty put him in the Nile in a basket of reeds  
And now I stare in to the future with a spiritual flashlight wondering who the fuck was me in a past-life  
Bad diet, fuck raw, die young, fast life, same as a crash flight that took off when the music died on your last night  
Tell em' the truth and they call you a traitor  
Talk to em' honestly and they call you a hater  
Losin' my composure cause the message is urgent  
Talkin' reckless drunk on the mic like Larry Merchant  
Cursin' at the serpents, Sumerian demons  
Who brush their wings against the air that I'm breathing  
A heathen with nothin' left to believe in even a reason from livin' that was forgiven by God and not religion  
Envision Jesus risen from the dead like Horus in the Baptist church shakin' off the rigor mortis  
The borders should be illegal instead of the people that were here before the bible and all of its sequels  
I speak to the detached and unrealistic that were born normal but turned socially autistic  
We resisted Homeland Security's mission because I know what they really envision...

*[Chorus x2]*

I am the eye in the sky looking at you, I can read your mind  
I am the maker of rules dealing with fools, I can cheat you blind

Thanks to Don, Will S, Chris for correcting these lyrics.

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Goonies Never Die"

(feat. Diabolic, Swave Sevah, Gomez)

### *[Intro 1]*

And it's not smart to be dumb  
It's not smart to be dumb  
bumb de dumb dumb dumb  
Back where I come from  
it's not considered smart to be dumb

### *[Intro 2]*

Immortal Technique -  
Okay little empanada, time for bed  
"Empanada" - Uncle Felipe  
Immortal Technique -  
What, what is it now?  
"Empanada" - I heard that  
you and my dad used to  
be in a gang. Is that true?  
IT - Who told you that  
man, your mother. It  
wasn't a gang we were  
just a group of friends  
Em - Did you do bad things?  
IT - No no no look we just  
used to draw and stuff  
and play karate, borrow  
things, throw stuff, y'know  
run around at night. Like Goonies  
Em - Whats a Goonie?  
IT - You never heard of  
Goonies before?

### *[Verse 1 - Immortal Technique]*

I coulda chose another life  
with the feds try'na get me  
Little kids putting work in  
like at Gap and Disney  
In the whip high as shit  
like Bobby and Whitney  
Grab your hand and push  
the mother fuckin' pedal to sixty  
Harlem cops frisk me to  
get me to make their quotas  
But I told ya "Siempre hay  
que separar las drogas"  
Bar brawl in the club  
popping and rocking georsh  
Shot it out leaving bullet  
holes the size of matzu balls

I love big chicks never  
fucked with a slim broad  
Played soccer and  
hammered nails into their shin guards  
Gambled at cee lo with  
Dominicans locked in the tombs  
We was there for robbing  
niggas for them Spanish doubloons  
Remember Goonie era  
graffiti of all sorts  
Now they wanna foreclose  
on the hood to build a golf course  
I'll put your hand in a  
blender to make an entree  
Then cut your dick and  
glue it back on the wrong way

*[Hook - Immortal Technique]*

All ma revolutionary  
soldiers better ride  
My word is mathematics  
bitch numbers never lie  
So even if they tell you I'm  
dead I'm still alive  
Because mother fucker  
Goonies never die  
Witness protection  
program rappers better hide  
I serve revenge out the  
freezer niggas never slide  
So if they tell you I'm gone  
and you safe niggas lied  
Because mother fucker  
Goonies never die

*[Verse 2 - Swave Sevah]*

I'm a certified goonie the  
type a burgla rob ya crib  
And leave it smellin like  
sour and Afghan gooey  
Life is a movie but yours  
was filmed on a greener screen  
I give you pure uncut raw  
no deleted scenes  
War with a broadsword  
dumping a tech nine  
Slit your throat give you a  
Colombian neck tie  
The best buy to get we let  
die let fly the next guy to try some shit  
Listen a few words just to  
describe my clique  
We like a gang of spartans

walking on the Gaza strip  
Never say die its time to  
fight and we never run  
My Goonies rob niggas for  
jewelery we call em treasure hunts  
Let him front like he a  
tough guy with wippe?  
I'll hit em slug turn him to  
one eye willy watery  
grave hide ya chips  
I'll hijack ya boat load and  
cruise away on my pirate ship

*[Hook - Immortal Technique]*

All ma revolutionary  
soldiers better ride  
My word is mathematics  
bitch numbers never lie  
So even if they tell you I'm  
dead I'm still alive  
Because mother fucker  
Goonies never die  
Witness protection  
program rappers better hide  
I serve revenge out the  
freezer niggas never slide  
So if they tell you I'm gone  
and you safe niggas lied  
Because mother fucker  
Goonies never die

*[Verse 3 - Diabolic]*

Before Duncan Penderhuse  
was runnin' with dougie doug  
My team got away with  
murder we ain't fit the bloody glove  
Those jungle breeze and  
we come to feed our hungry cubs  
With hoes pulling out our  
pipes like Goonies under country clubs  
Let these funny thugs  
know whoever steps in 'Bolics spot  
Is getting crushed with  
solid rock the jester copper pot  
I suggest the drama stops  
I'll flood blocks with mustard gas  
You're up shits creek in a  
rubber raft cut in half  
Cross my fucking path I'll  
dare you I'll mangle who lit the fuse  
Quick to lose my marbles  
like Mikey replacing his with jewels  
Watching y'all enslave the

game I'm forced to say the truth  
Break the chains quick and  
Sloth reaching for Baby Ruth  
We got AD proof and  
whores in daisy dukes extra low  
While fat bitches do the  
truffle shuffle just to get in shows  
Fuck what your record  
sold respect the code and recognize  
The rebel tribe that my  
people kept alive will never die

*[Hook - Immortal Technique]*

All ma' revolutionary  
soldiers better ride  
My word is mathematics  
bitch numbers never lie  
So even if they tell you I'm  
dead I'm still alive  
Because mother fucker  
Goonies never die  
Witness protection  
program rappers better hide  
I serve revenge out the  
freezer niggas never slide  
So if they tell you I'm gone  
and you safe niggas lied  
Because mother fucker  
Goonies never die

*[Outro]*

Thanks to Esteban for adding these lyrics.  
Thanks to Kyle, Smoke2Much for correcting these lyrics.



# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Natural Beauty"

(feat. Mela Machinko)

...natural beauty, so beautiful, yeah, natural love, yeah...

They corrupted the priceless African image of Isis  
Replaced it with a lifeless anorexic white bitch  
The fashion industry got 'em in a funny spot  
Self-hatred leaking out they mouth like a money shot  
Movie star, Hollywood Babylon fantasy  
Buncha peacock bitches in a cocaine canopy  
And if you healthy they make you think you're a manatee  
Look how they invented this euro-centric insanity  
Got you brain washed to the point you bleaching your skin  
Blind to the truth, you can't see the beauty within  
Cause ain't nothing wrong with exercise to tighten your thighs  
But there's something wrong with contacts that lighten ya eyes  
We're goin backwards, from hip hop in the park  
To the experiments by Dr. Kenneth Clark  
So after the cannabis I'ma have to handle this  
Release the pressure on her and open her like an amythist

Their lies cant fade ya beauty  
You gotta know who you are  
Stay strong and always remember  
The truth in your heart  
Don't forget there are those who  
Benefit from your scars  
And who deny what's natural

Check it uh,  
The business of beauty isn't a natural model  
It's built to be the opposite of the cultures we topple  
These magazines got you caught in a hustle  
Cause when you starve yourself  
Your body doesn't burn fat it burns muscle  
And men don't even like women control the business  
That's why the women look like men  
And the men like bitches  
I break it down as god is my witness  
Remember Sambo caricature characteristics  
Now who got the collagen under they lipstick  
Implanted Arabic hips, surgical sickness  
A bi-polar society that claims to be righteous  
Spray paintin artificial melanin  
Tryin to be like us  
Livin in a pathetic epidemic of schizophrenic buying a  
Synthetic body with credit  
You mad that I said it  
But you know that I'm right

Find a natural beauty and get you some natural lovin' tonight

Their lies cant fade your beauty  
You gotta know who you are  
Stay strong and always remember,  
The truth in your heart  
Don't forget there are those who  
Benefit from your scars  
And who deny what's natural

Their lies can't fade your beauty  
You gotta know who you are  
Always remember, truth lies in your heart

Thanks to munga, G.E., Kerry for correcting these lyrics.

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Running Nowhere (Interlude)"

People are running, where are they go-ing  
People are running, where are they go-ing?  
People are running, where are they go-ing  
People are running, where are they go-ing?  
People are running, where are they go-ing  
People are running, where are they go-ing?  
People are running, where are they go-ing  
People are running, where are they go-ing?  
*[fades out slowly]*

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Civil War"

(feat. Brother Ali, Chuck D & Killer Mike)

### *[Immortal Technique]*

The ghetto is like a prison, with invisible bars  
No matter where you ride, it always follows you where you are  
And it's hard out there, for a pimp to get outta  
But it's harder for the hooker that he beat the shit outta  
I got niggas underground in the Confederate States  
Ironically runnin' from slavery that prison creates  
So I never hate on the south, I respect they vision  
I just hate on niggas that promote Samboism  
And white execs that love to see us in that position  
They reflect the stereotypes of America's vision  
They want us dancing, cooning and hollering  
Only respect us for playing sports and modeling  
More than racism, it's stay in your place-ism  
More people are trapped in practical blackface-ism  
So fuck a Civil War between the North and the South  
It's between field niggas and slaves that are stuck in the house

### *[Chorus: Chuck D]*

Civil war for the soul of a nation  
This is a struggle to save civilization  
Demonstrations overthrowing the occupation  
The annihilation of mental colonization

Civil war for the soul of a nation  
We fight for the future of our civilization  
Destroy the corrupt government organizations  
Trying to survive cultural assassination

### *[Killer Mike]*

Crip niggas, Blood nigga, ese's, Asians  
Why the fuck we warring with each other's population?  
The devil wanna dead all our population  
People in Folk nation, why the separation?  
Why we got Jamaicans hatin' on Haitians  
When the British and French raped both nations?  
Mexicans and Blacks kill each other, straight hating  
While the government profits from prison population  
If you on the bottom, be you Anglo or Asian  
You gotta recognize the realness of what I'm sayin'  
You gotta recognize another G ain't the enemy  
When the police ride to kill us frequently  
We gotta make the youth see, where the truth be  
If you a G, then grow and develop GD  
50 years of gangs and our people still poor  
If we really run the streets, we should really end war

*[Chorus: Chuck D]*

Civil war for the soul of a nation  
This is a struggle to save civilization  
Demonstrations overthrowing the occupation  
The annihilation of mental colonization

Civil war for the soul of a nation  
We fight for the future of our civilization  
Destroy the corrupt government organizations  
Trying to survive cultural assassination

*[Brother Ali]*

Listen, our hearts were torn apart just like y'all was  
Watching towers full of souls fall to sawdust  
Everytime we called your office you ignored us  
Now you holding hearings on us all inside a Congress  
Microscopes on us, ask if we're Jihadists  
My answer was in line with all of the Founding Fathers  
I think Patrick said it best; Give me liberty or death  
I shall never accept anything less  
You claim innocence, you play victimless  
But you gave the kiss of death in the name of self defense  
Slavery and theft have brought the nations to the end  
Of pacifying your citizenry with excess  
We believe in freedom, justice, security  
But they're only pure when they're applied universally  
So certainly if I rage against the machine  
My aim was only to clean the germs out of the circuitry  
Heard you need putting fear inside your heart  
Make you burn Qu'rans and tell me not to build a mosque  
Me, my wife and babies we ain't never made jihad  
We just want to touch our heads to the floor and talk to God  
Ask him to remove every blemish from my heart  
The greatest threat of harm doesn't come from any bomb  
The moment you refuse the human rights of just a few  
What happens when that few includes you?  
Civil war

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Mark Of The Beast"

(feat. Akir, Beast 1333)

*[Verse 1: Akir]*

Get ya dough watch it go, back to the peoples that holding some  
Basic H's secret states keepin the stuffs the stole it from  
Peter Josphe told us so, only those that seem to know  
Can counteract the satus quo balance back wich way to go  
My rough ID CID used by the beast to track you yeah  
Charge in the car can cause an alarm  
That's part of the arm that traps you now  
Back to check in, you go inside you prepared to fly  
Watch for scalin you cannot hide  
Comfortable you roll no matter what you done  
What treats for sky? climbin a tree while I'm gettin high  
That big brother eagle start to die  
No matter what the reason we can devise  
The plant in the sea saw the seeds that provide?  
Away for us to breathe out the evilest side  
No need to kiss the dream is alive  
Free from the evils of the dreams inside

*[Hook: Cuts by DJ Pone]*

*[Verse 2: Beast 1333]*

Yo the World a Mess  
we All Lust the Flesh  
I won't Stop till the People  
see Success  
So Many beat to Death  
so Many people Left  
With the Mark of the Beast  
can't cheat the Test  
You bear the Mark  
i Bear the Mark  
With the blood in the Waters  
there for Sharks  
Now everybody want to Be Quoting Marx  
with a Less of the Bite  
And a More the Bark  
in A World of Fakes  
Here's what it Takes  
gotta have Big Balls  
Not Baby Grapes  
at A Crazy Pace  
Let's do it Face to Face  
the Whole Race chase Waste  
Space Age Sensash  
with a Warm embrace  
They go and Stab your Back

it's so Wack that the Hacks  
Flapjack the Tracks  
and When the Bombs attack  
We Gon Bomb em Back  
wit the Cold Facts Rap Tracks  
Catch a Jax  
Theres No Latch attached  
you Can't Own a Soul  
So don't go go scroll po po patrol  
lets Go Toe to Toe Like Pro Dojo Throws  
Sold your Soul so Don't Go so Slow  
no Need to Crow  
No Need to Flip  
what we Need is a Change in Leadership  
Wont even Give a Chance to Plead the Fifth  
before the Radar Go From  
Bleep to Blip Bitch

*[Hook: Cuts by DJ Pone]*

*[Verse 3: Immortal Technique]*

You think I don't notice the line when you cross it  
I'm like the mind of a genius trapped in a cerebral palsy  
You underestimate the hood you think niggas is stupid  
We read the countries credits, niggas know who produced it  
Why the fuck you think the pushing military recruitment  
America been platinum and she afraid of recoupment  
So when you try to close the boarder and don't let us in  
I'll overthrow califonria with 20 million mexicans  
Cubans and chinese who came looking for freedom  
Till they realised america was run by a demon  
And I don't mean George Bush he was a fuckin zero  
More like the roman emperor Nero  
Who did nothing while the black slum turned to atlantis  
I mean those behind the canvas that made the mechanics  
And then planned it, it sounds simple but stupid niggas won't understand it  
Until the mark of the beats has your face branded

*[Cuts by DJ Pone]*

Thanks to Bael for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Pierre Louis Garcia

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Black Vikings"

(feat. Styles P, Vinnie Paz, Poison Pen)

### *[Verse 1: Immortal Technique]*

Back like I was locked up, putting in work  
Burning through books like nazi's in a catholic church  
I'm cursed like cain when he murdered his brother  
Cut your face off and wear it while I'm fucking your mother  
I'm mars ultor, the avenger, the god of war  
And if you don't believe in me, I doubt you believe in god at all  
I breathe smokeless fire, the Jinn type  
That'll make you hate the way that allah made you to live life  
Like hindu, niggas that be bleaching their skin white  
Other people's teeth in my hands after a fist fight  
I was born with a sixth sense and a swift right  
Skinned werewolves and rape demons at midnight  
Sell your kids into slavery after we murder you  
Or sacrifice them in the same fire we burnin' you  
Barbarian funeral, nigga, you wanna know?  
Damn the river, bury me, and let the water flow

### *[Hook: Poison Pen]*

Chaos, mayhem, bang outs, slay them, uprising, rape them, raid them  
Cage em, pandemonium, insurgent, death merchants, commit the best murder  
Pillage, Kill them, erase history, make them a mystery

### *[Verse 2: Styles P]*

Cut the nose off, the ears off, the whole head  
Immortal and ghost coming, code red  
You never seen a black barbarian  
Warrior, warlord, pussy, cut your balls off  
More bodies come, more bodies hauled off  
What you want the sword and get shit sawed off  
Your throat need an axe in it  
And I'm breaking your back because your spine needed a crack in it  
You bugging me, I'm coming to fumigate  
The wolverine, the sabre tooth, the way that I mutilate  
I'm like the viking in Valhalla Rising  
Except I got black skin and both of my eyes in  
Don't test him, please don't stress him  
He'll hang you from a tree with your own intestines  
How you wanna die? make your own suggestion  
Now talk to the lord and make your own confession

### *[Hook]*

### *[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]*

You pussies living in a movie theatre  
Put the motherfucking spell on you like brujeria  
Chop his motherfucking head like a ruthless leader



Guns drawn in a church service, shoot the preacher  
You need to be godly to know allah  
Ain't no rappers eating around me, like a broken jaw  
It ain't ever been a day that I ain't broke the law  
What you think I hold a motherfucking toaster for?  
I ain't going there, there's police in that room  
And vinnie walk around with bags of dust like a vacuum  
Bury you under the earth inside a black tomb  
My body covered in Dashiki and stab wounds  
I'm a guerilla, barbarians is my ancestors  
That's a part of my neurological transmitters  
We Islamic and brought the story of shem with us (Al hamdu Allah!)  
While we brought the motherfucking blam blam with us

*[Hook]*

*[Outro]*

The walls have been breached! ANFALL!!!  
We came in the name of peace and brotherhood, you wanted us bound in slavery, poisoned our water, changed  
our names...  
Burn their homes, take their jewels, skin them alive!  
Hold on, hold on, hold on...  
No one will know these people ever existed, and all that will be left is what we build upon their ruins...

Thanks to Eugen Kabinde for correcting these lyrics.

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Conquerors"

(with Dr. John Henrik Clarke)

Nearly all religion was brought to people and imposed on people by conquerors and used as the framework to control their minds. My main point here is that if you are a child of god and god is a part of you, then in your imagination god is supposed to look like you and when you accept a picture of the deity assigned to you by another people you become the spiritual prisoner of that other people.

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Young Lords"

(feat. Joell Ortiz, Pumpkinhead, CF, Panama Alba)

*[Immortal Technique:]*

New to the world, fresh out the barrio, I was an outlaw rebel, out of my mind, young and wild, my existence defined in one word: Survive!

*[Verse 1: Joell Ortiz]*

If it could be sold, I can sell it, If it can't, that's cool  
I'll fix it up make it look good enough to catch some fools  
It started when I was young with my genesis games  
He traded me John Madden for--I don't remember the name  
But it was weak though, the streets though, they play with perico  
So Tito became my hijo, he had cheap blow  
And each O like three, four times, I flipped ones  
But it's evil, the people I deal with'll stick nuns  
With big guns, the diesel that diesel never change  
The custies still nod like they agree with everything  
The weed ain't the same, all the colors is new  
It ain't just green, the haze is purple and them berries is blue  
I don't care if it was pink, as long as they still smoking  
I had them bags packed until they damn near open  
The hustle's in my veins, I could bleed in a pot  
And make a soup that'd go for 10 dollars a pop

*[Immortal Technique:]*

In la calle, a collision course with incarceration, consumed by the lies of the streets, they were an illusion but I  
awoke caged like an animal

*[Verse 2: Pumpkinhead]*

They got me locked in a cell where I'm feeling like an experiment  
My spirit sharper than lasers they used to build pyramids  
Writing on the walls keep me sane  
Knuckle push-ups on the concrete, till I bleed out the pain  
Thoughts of my freedom lingering in my brain  
I'm stronger and much quicker I appreciate the gain  
Building with my a-alike, brown power reunite  
Tattoos of my flag, PR pride Jesus Christ  
But I wouldn't wish this on my worst enemy  
So when I'm free I'll teach and spread the speech  
Of how they try to divide us (to make us weak)  
Find us (and break a piece) So I gotta  
(To make a peace) honest (I play for keeps)  
This is the life of your forefathers that fought hard  
Four corners of backyards, power in numbers  
So they subtract us and add bars  
If they want it, we gonna take 'em to war  
We not a gang or a clique, we Young Lords!

*[Immortal Technique:]*

I came to my senses, un esclavo no soy (I am not a slave), that is not my past, I came to know me and my people, red brown and black, helped me paint the future.

*[Verse 3: CF]*

The world got a template, to turn us into inmates caged in a state pen,  
Man, fuck going to penn state,  
Bonded to slave ships to punch in your timecard,  
Walk my oasis spacing jungle behind bars,  
Got my epiphany like Malcolm X,  
Prison to the bricks, but I'm stuck in this global house arrest,  
I'm a free man so I changed my mannerisms,  
This Greenspan system wanna dent my activism,  
Estilo machetero get my people out the ghetto,  
21st century grito de alar estate quieto (stay calm),  
We vocal minorities, no pookie man trail,  
Guess the local authorities to be the Ho Chi Minh trail,  
From robbing bodegas and boosting like low-lives,  
The medium figures choking the four five,  
Revolutionary gangsters in your presence,  
Trying to dead us through cancer, through chemical testing!

*[Immortal Technique:]*

Unidos por fin! (Finally, united!) We seize the time, free at last, learn to love, live to fight, not just for me, but for others, teach the new blood, and live for freedom!

*[Verse 4: Immortal Technique]*

I survived the COINTELPRO assassinations  
AIDS epidemic crack era fractured a nation  
The interpretation of American democracy  
Is best exemplified in its foreign policy dichotomy  
I live a double-life of political philosophy  
But revolution follows me, the struggle for equality  
Against the morally bankrupt, claiming to be born again  
It's a civil war again, like MS-13's origin  
Banned ethnic studies claiming our culture will swallow them  
But you can't conquer people and build a country on top of them  
And then feel offended that they breathe the same oxygen  
Your family values lack the wisdom of Solomon  
But Operation Condor and Operation Bootstrap  
Are Poli Sci 101 research for the New Jack  
It's hard to reach, Communist Utopia tomorrow  
When your hands are in a fucking glass jar like Che Guevara  
Forget the distorted historical facts you were given  
Slave trade was the capital for capitalism  
Trapped in a prison mentally, dying existentially  
Separated from people you can't see yourself to be  
Then racially integrated into a burning house  
Colony of an empire, economically burning out  
Can't win a debate, so they sponsor every threat to me  
I wonder if Agent 800 is standing next to me

In Puerto Rico, the main problem we have es que somos colonia (is that we are a colony) we are a colony, we are fighting for freedom, because we will not be a slave nation for [?] the struggle here is to make universities the

struggle here is in the community, it's against the police and violence, it's against discrimination, it's against the crime against humanity on this beautiful Caribbean Island, this is [?] Young lords, revolutionary always, from San Juan, Puerto Rico, Que viva Puerto Rico libre! (Long Live a free Puerto Rico!)

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Ultimas Palabras"

A new American revolution has begun,  
Not against the forces of a colonial kingdom  
But a rebellion against an oppressor that has risen among us,  
It is not a foreign invasion we have to fear,  
Rather the threat of a force within our nation  
That has usurped what was once a dream of having the greatest democracy ever known to man,  
We now live in a world where the population has grown exponentially,  
And the planet is running out of resources to sustain us all,  
We in the inner-city and those struggling in the suburban ghettos may not realize it yet,  
But make no mistake,  
The people who control the technology and run every enterprise that makes up our world,  
Have seen this coming for a long time,  
The ideas of renewable energy,  
Global warming,  
The idea of collectively working,  
Were purposefully bought out, derailed, demonized, or corrupted,  
In favor of an economic structure designed by a monetary caste system,  
In a desperate attempt to convince us that we need to maintain that extravagant existence,  
They've pretended we might share in their dream,  
That we can justify any inhumanity in its name,  
Out of this blind ignorance was born the curse of slavery,  
Many of the founders of this nation were themselves Masons,  
That is not a Left wing or Right wing conspiracy theory,  
It is a widely known and accepted fact,  
So then explain to me how a nation founded by men,  
Who not only understood the long and complicated history of Europe,  
But also that of Africa,  
Could permeate such a lie in convincing the American public,  
That one race of men was superior and one inferior,  
When in fact we know that all the early men,  
The men who created civilization and every aspect of what we see today,  
The foundation of all human life,  
Were from Africa,  
The greatest cowardice of course came not with slavery itself,  
Unfortunately,  
But with the excuses for slavery,  
For if America had been as brave as the Roman Empire and all other empires that have come after her,  
And claimed "No, we were just stronger and that's why we took you",  
Then when slavery was over racism would've probably followed in suit,  
But instead it was the social lie,  
The religious lie that was told,  
That stayed in the mind of people,  
That separated one human being from another,  
In order to distract us from the issues of class and freedom,  
They created issues around religion and race to dominate the world for centuries to come,  
Some claim that they respect that they respect the culture of life in this country,  
They cry out for indignity of children that are slaughtered before they are born,  
But God has not penetrated their souls,

For they have no empathy,  
Nothing in their cold hearts for the 100s of 1,000s of lives we have taken in our wars overseas,  
For that which they call "collateral damage",  
Which the are the burnt and damaged children of the world,  
They have no prayers for them,  
Only snide commentary on the internet and laughter in their hearts,  
And yet you claim to be one with God,  
Huh,  
We talk about immigration in this country,  
Might doesn't make right ladies and gentleman,  
It just makes right now,  
What we are saying to the rest of the world,  
Is one day when America grows weak,  
One day when her legions falter,  
On the day when her economy crumbles,  
China, Russia, Europe, whatever power has arisen,  
All you have to do is come here and conquer us in a few military excursions,  
And then you too can set up shop here,  
And in 100 years you can tell every red-blooded American,  
"No, you are an illegal human being,  
I am the true citizen,  
I have all the rights,  
You have no rights",  
Maybe you forgot how you got this country,  
Maybe you take for granted the blood, the sweat, the tears,  
That the people who live in practical serfdom shed everyday,  
For we may not run America, but we make America run,  
We talk about the Law,  
Yet,  
How many indignities have been legal in the past?  
How many treaties with Native Americans have we broken?  
How many international laws have we violated?  
And,  
Speaking of laws,  
How can a corporation be regulated by a government that is funded and controlled by corporations?  
How can there be accountability,  
For people who see a profit margin above the lives of Americans?  
Above the lives of human beings in other countries?  
We have taken the soul out ourselves and placed them inside machines,  
My words of course,  
Will be marginalized, demonized,  
In typical fashion,  
Anytime you dare to question the power structure they say you hate America,  
No, I love this country,  
I see its beauty everyday in its people,  
And I love it a lot more than those who have abandoned the American worker,  
That have chose to exploit and try to take away benefit she has,  
Those that attempt to make excuses for every atrocity committed,  
In the name of supposed freedom,  
Those who demand accountability from everyone,  
But offer none themselves,  
Who favor contracts over lives,  
Who favor invasion and control over organic democracy overseas,

The greatest flaw that any intelligent person has is to think they're smarter than everyone else,  
And so the government has planted its spies amongst us,  
We have planted our spies among them,  
They have infiltrated every branch of the American government,  
They have retrieved names, data, hard numbers,  
The paper trail that will expose those that truly control this country,  
Those that control the political parties,  
Those that control the oil industry,  
The energy,  
Those that stand behind the companies faceless,  
Whose names have never been revealed,  
Until tod.. *[GUNSHOT]*



# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Sign Of The Times"

(feat. Cetan Wanbli, Lockjaw Nakai, Cornel West)

Imagine the word of god without religious groupies  
Imagine a savior born in a Mexican hoopty  
Persecuted a single mother in a modern manger  
You crucify him again like a fucking stranger  
Tears of the anger are worth more than diamonds or rubies  
Imagine being locked up since juvi  
Imagine changing your life and still going out like tookie  
Imagine niggas talking shit when they never knew me  
Imagine a movie that depicted the pain in your life like the kids in Afghanistan chasing a kite  
For most of the world that's what it's like  
Imagine if the woman your suppose to love for the rest of your life is set to marry someone else at the end of the  
night  
They say you fight the greatest jihad in your heart and your mind and fight the hardest when you start from  
behind  
So I dreamed the impossible all the time  
Fuck a masonic design America's future is mine repeat that to yourself cause if cultures a crime the numbers  
tatted on your arm aren't too far behind  
It can only conquer you after they murdered your mind  
So rise up motherfucker like the sign of the times  
I feel my body weakening but my spirit is fine  
Ready to go to war with devils at the drop of a dime and  
Fight with my rebel army until the stars are aligned

Nostradamus was a white man's prophet who predicated European supremacist logic  
Because the pilgrims and conquistadors columns killed more innocent people than Hitler and Stalin (Yes)  
I guess the fortune teller skipped an Antichrist or two  
Brother give this to the OG's doing life with you and  
Pray for the problems with the popes psychology so the Vatican will offer an apology, (for what?!)  
for destroying the peoples liberation theology  
Snatching the spirit of Jesus from people in poverty  
Business decisions like keeping people in prisons but had the opposite effect incarcerating religion  
That type of crooked politics imposed on a populous is obvious if you read the Northwood documents  
Forget the compliments for what I recorded  
And live the revolution instead of always dying for it  
Remember a bullet can never stop me  
My legions are led by the spirit Haile Selassie watch me  
Even if I'm shot in the shakra I will prosper  
Doppler effect bumping music out a helicopter  
Tellin the Persians there comes the rasta  
And tell them I came back as the son of the Ahura Mazda  
Fish out the Philistine dagon from the shores of Gaza  
And call Quetzalcoatl flying over La Raza  
This is a message to the older gods I'll sacrifice you all to the revolution like the Romanovs  
Lost in the desert like the Hebrews of Israel  
The blood clot system try to kill me like sickle cell  
But I survived and alive to fight another day cocooned in a coma  
I can still hear my mother pray

Sister crying out to god please let my brother stay  
Walking towards the light but somethings pulling me the other way

Thanks to Joey for correcting these lyrics.